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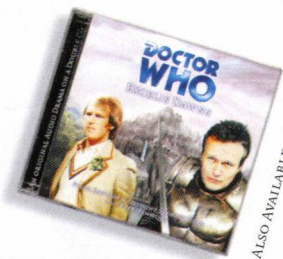
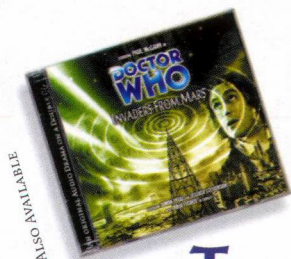
“MURDER? OH, THAT SUCH A THING COULD
HAPPEN IN MY KITCHENS! ESPECIALLY WHEN
I’VE GOT ONE OF MY CHRISTMAS PLUM
PUDDINGS READY AND COOLING ...”



PAUL MCGANN & INDIA FISHER
IN

**DOCTOR
WHO**

THE CHIMES OF MIDNIGHT



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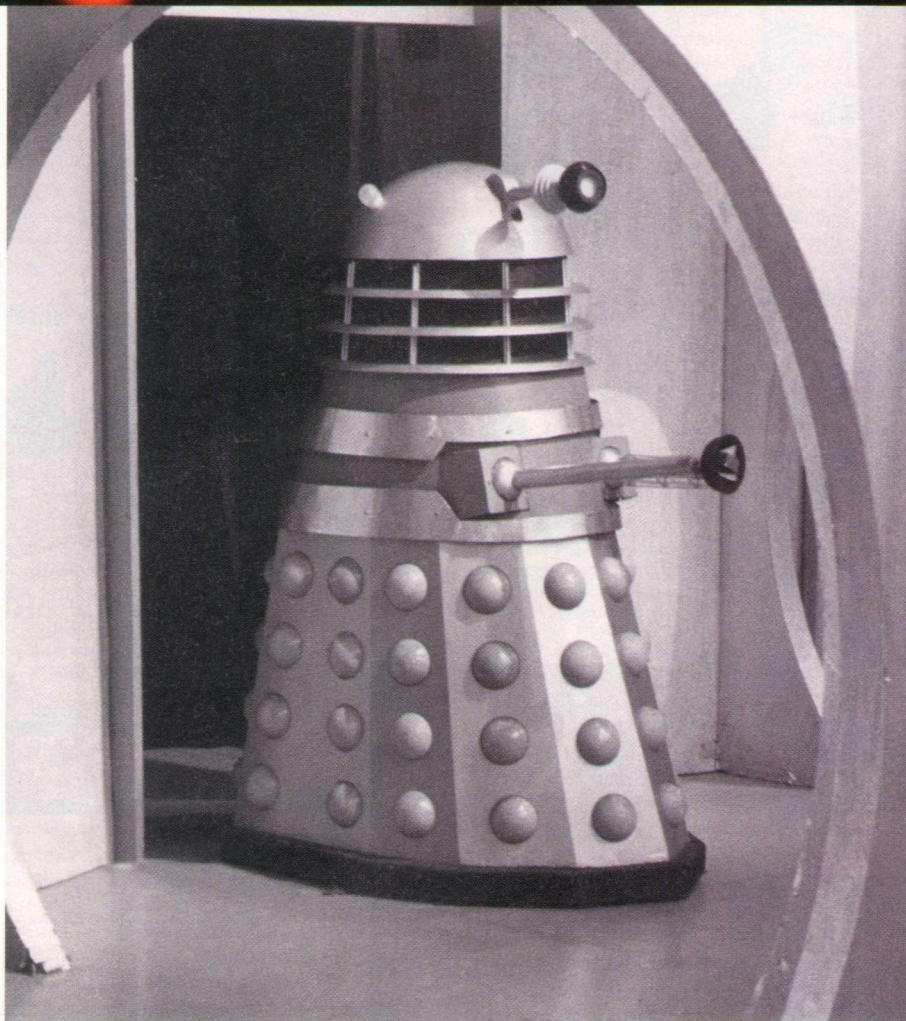
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Some things are best forgotten – but Henry Lincoln wants credit where credit is due! The man behind the Yeti, Lethbridge-Stewart and the Dominators finally breaks his silence. Will money buy him happiness?

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Time waits for no man – except Dan Freedman. And Nev Fountain. Probably. Let them tell you about their “secret” mission to bring Doctor Who back for good.

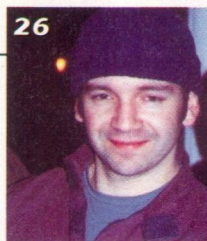
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Life thru a lens

Christopher Barry directed *Doctor Who*. A lot. Skaro? Vulcan? Dido? Rome? Ealing? You name it, he's been there! Kicking off an in-depth three-part interview with the series' most prolific director, Christopher remembers plungers and pepperpots ...



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Editor's letter I CAN SEE CLEARLY NOW

Somebody clever once said that writing about music was like dancing about architecture. Or something. There isn't a dictionary of quotations lying about here at Panini Towers (well, there is, but it only contains such bon mots as “Say goodbye, Doctors. You're all going on a journey. A very long journey!”) so I can't look it up.

But I find myself in a similar position when it comes to discussing the recently-released Planet of Giants video, with its new-fangled ‘VideoFIRE’ technology turning murky film into pristine video – or as near as dammit, anyway.

It's very difficult to put into words the psychic shock of seeing the original TARDIS crew as nature (or at least Verity Lambert) intended. 1960s Doctor Who, in all its telesnapped, telerecorded haziness, has always seemed so distant and ancient to younger fans. Now, however, we can see the crease in Barbara's battledress, Hartnell's toupee tape and Ian's mascara with almost indecent clarity.

So has the magic gone? Actually, no – in a strange way, I think it's been restored ...

Planet of Giants may be a weird clanger of a story – all am-dram thuggery and jabolite blue-bottles – but being VideoFIRE has improved it considerably. In particular, the performances of the regulars leap right out at you; it feels a bit like seeing some very familiar old friends in a new light, and enabled this viewer, at least, to sit through the whole thing in one go. Red Bull was consumed, admittedly, but I don't consider that as cheating. Much.

In the absence of “new new” Doctor Who on TV, at least we've now got “new old” Doctor Who on video and DVD, making even the dreariest of tales worth another look. It's ironic that the 1960s stories are coming back to life just as I, and my Time Team pals, approach the 1970s.

Oh well, we could always go back and watch them all again. After all, that's how it all started. As somebody once said.

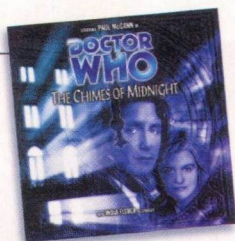
Clay

Coming Up...



The Chimes of Midnight

an audio drama by **Robert Shearman**



In the servants' quarters of a large Edwardian house, the staff are busy preparing for their masters' Christmas. Mrs Baddeley, the cook, has prepared her famous plum pudding; Frederick, the chauffeur, is trying to untangle himself from Mary, the maid; and Mr Shaughnessy, the butler, is being as stern as ever with the much put-upon scullery maid, Edith. Nothing out of the ordinary there, then!

But if the servants of Edward Grove are bustling about so much, why can't the newly-arrived Doctor and Charley see them? Walking between the downstairs rooms, they find them as deserted as the Marie Celeste – and as evidence of time manipulation is gathered, the Doctor becomes alarmed at the implications. In a sense, they've got stuck in a moment – but they can escape. Things get worse, however, once the barrier is broken down ... That's when a sequence of bizarre deaths begins in the servants' rooms.

Who is behind the bewildering temporal inconsistencies? Why are the servants so keen to believe that the Doctor – an unconvincing gumshoe in *Invaders from Mars*, after all – is a great detective, come to their aid? Why does Charley sense the house staff before the Doctor can? What does the mysterious Edward Grove want with them anyway? And is the cycle of death in the house unstoppable?

The Chimes of Midnight is the second Big Finish Doctor Who production from the pen of established playwright Robert Shearman, whose audio combination of the Sixth Doctor and Frobisher in *The Holy Terror* proved such a critical success on its release in 2000.

Was Shearman's Eighth Doctor story commissioned as a result of that success?

"*The Chimes of Midnight* was actually commissioned a few weeks before *Holy Terror* was recorded," he reveals, "so the audience reaction had nothing to do with it. If anything, it actually made things a lot harder. I wrote *Chimes* in the last week of November 2000, and *The Holy Terror* was released only a fortnight before that."

What had he made of the feedback to his first story? "I was flabbergasted! I thought everyone would find it a bit ... silly, really! Then I suddenly caught myself writing *The Chimes of Midnight* in response to my last script, so I had to be very severe with myself, turn off the computer and stop reading reviews until the new one was finished.

"Personally, I had a few misgivings about some things I'd done in *The Holy Terror*, bits I thought were clumsy or lazily thought through. Sitting through the

recording of your own story can be fairly gruelling – you suffer the whole thing, warts and all, without the benefit of music or sound effects. And that weekend, as Frobisher waddled his way around the microphone, I began to shape how my next story would solve all those things that set my teeth on edge!"

The Chimes of Midnight is very much part of a 'season', being the second of six stories released in consecutive months to pair Paul McGann with India Fisher's Charley, who cheated death when escaping the R-101 airship crash in her debut story, *Storm Warning*. It's been fairly well publicised that several stories of this sophomore Doctor/Charley season are

Why does a house full of people seem to be deserted?



Released on 25 February

Featuring The Eighth Doctor and Charley

Enemies That would be telling ...

Setting An Edwardian house on Christmas Eve,

1906

You'll like this if you like ... *Sapphire & Steel*, *Upstairs, Downstairs*, Tom Baker's sleuthing in *The Robots of Death* and *The Talons of Weng-Chiang*, Agatha Christie novels, *Cluedo*

Listen out for the clock ticking – and a heart beating

The Doctor Paul McGann

Charley Pollard India Fisher

Edith Louise Rolfe

Mr Shaughnessy Lennox Greaves

Mrs Baddeley Sue Wallace

Frederick Robert Curbishley

Mary Juliet Warner

Music Russell Stone

Producers Gary Russell & Jason Haigh-Ellery and Jacqueline Rayner

Director Barnaby Edwards

linked. Was Shearman involved in planning this with the producers? "Oh yes," he smiles. "There was a meeting to which all the writers were invited. We sat around a table in the pub, and told each other our basic storylines."

"Gary Russell was very keen for all six stories to feed into each other – a minor reference in one script might be of greater consequence in another. I loved that, because writing is usually horribly lonely, and it was great to feel that there were at least five other people with the same pressures that I had, all pushing in the same direction!"

"Some of the writers, like Alan Barnes and Justin Richards, had marvellously detailed synopses – and knew exactly where they wanted their stories to go. I think I had at that point just a one sentence idea, about doing something in just three rooms of a house, all in real time, and being very creepy and *Sapphire and Steel*-ish! It was scheduled to be the season opener, which I was relishing. It's much simpler to set a big story in motion than to be the one to finish it..."

As the season took shape, *Invaders From Mars* was seen as a more suitable opener, with the second story delving into earlier, unfinished business. There's an echo of murder games like *Cluedo* in Shearman's story, within an atmosphere straight out of ATV's telefantasy series *Sapphire and Steel* via the popular period drama *Upstairs, Downstairs*. (Those familiar with the latter should note the presence of a Scottish butler and a Mrs Baddeley in *Chimes*: Angela Baddeley played the equivalent queen bee of the Edwardian series' downstairs world ...) So what was Shearman's starting point? Were influences from classic 1970s TV part of the commission, or his suggestion?

"I really wanted to do a *Sapphire and Steel*-type story, because that had always terrified me as a kid. I wanted it to be a bit of a murder-mystery too, and so I read a lot of Agatha Christie, played a lot of *Cluedo* – well, it was nearly Christmas then! – and I religiously watched lots of repeats of *Upstairs, Downstairs*, which was great fun. I really wanted *Chimes* to have a thick atmosphere – something we might all recognise from the clichés of the Edwardian period, but with a hint of menace added; the unsettling idea that there's something in the familiar stew not quite making sense."

"*Chimes* is about death, really. There is a lot of death in *Doctor Who*, as indeed there was in *The Holy Terror*, and that seemed to me a bit thoughtless after a while – it was really such a violent story. But *Doctor Who* is rarely about death, and I wanted to write a

see it's daylight, you're sitting somewhere with your Walkman on and you're completely safe ... Yet I think horror usually works by subverting what we think of as safe and familiar. If you recognise lots of TV shows or board games in *The Chimes of Midnight*, that's all the more reason..."

Did Shearman have access to any recordings featuring the Eighth Doctor and Charley – and if not, how did he go about writing for an 'unseen' team? Was it a similar experience to writing for the previously comic strip-only combo of the Sixth Doctor and Frobisher? "I really must have a stab at writing for a TARDIS crew that was actually on TV one of these days!" he concedes, wryly. "I was just sent the scripts of the season that Big Finish had already recorded with Paul McGann. It was mostly to get a sense of Charley, as my story focuses on her quite a lot."

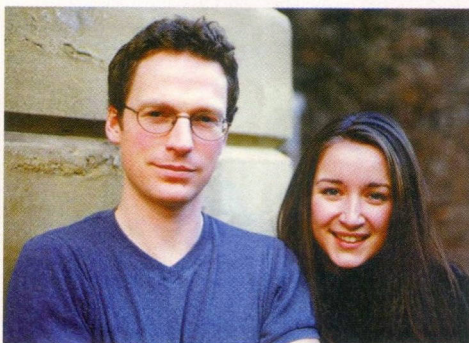
"I read all of *Storm Warning*, and only the first episodes of the others, so as not to spoil them for myself when they were released. I found it really refreshing to write for, what seemed to me, an entirely new TARDIS crew and a brand-new Doctor."

"I considered watching the 1996 television movie again, or re-reading some of the novels, but decided that Paul himself would be recreating the role from scratch without research so I should too! With Frobisher, I knew that if I didn't have a stab at faithfully adapting the character from the comic strips, there really wasn't much point in bringing him back. With the Eighth Doctor and Charley, however, I felt a far greater freedom, writing for that idea we probably all have of the 'perfect' TARDIS crew – a vulnerable and witty Doctor with a sympathetic, enthusiastic assistant."

The *Chimes of Midnight* script goes into great detail in suggesting the atmosphere of the house where the Doctor and Charley find themselves. Was this key to



Paul McGann and India Fisher meet the staff: Sue Wallace and Lennox Greaves as Mrs Baddeley and Mr Shaughnessy.



Frederick (Robert Curbishley) and Mary (Juliet Warner).

very intimate and claustrophobic tale about how we react to it...

"At the end of the day, I wanted something that would seem in one moment very familiar and reassuring, even funny – then turn it suddenly on its head and try to scare the listeners! It's hard to pull off horror on audio – you only need open your eyes and

the way Shearman conceived the story? "Oh, absolutely. I was a bit lazy, probably – the action is actually set in my house! I live in this old Victorian thing, with former servants' quarters and such like, and I used to write a lot of the dialogue downstairs, with the lights dim. Gave myself quite a fright sometimes – isn't that embarrassing? – but once I decided that the story was going to be very claustrophobic, set in a very few rooms, I wanted that setting to be as real and identifiable as possible."

Shearman reportedly enjoyed attending the recording of *Chimes* more than he did that of *The Holy Terror*, so he's confident that director Barnaby Edwards – who acted for Big Finish in all four of the 2001 releases featuring McGann and Fisher, but makes his directorial debut with *Chimes* – and his cast will have done justice to this much-anticipated story.

Those who lapped up Shearman's first tale may even be counting down the days until this new release. The clock is ticking ... ♫ MARK WYMAN

YOUR COMPLETE GUIDE TO THE COMING MONTHS IN DOCTOR WHO

FEBRUARY

Saturday 9

TV Doctor Who: Ghost Light by Marc Platt [Seventh Doctor & Ace] UK Gold

Sunday 10

TV Doctor Who: The Curse of Fenric by Ian Briggs [Seventh Doctor & Ace] UK Gold

Monday 11

Audio drama Doctor Who: Excelsi Dawns by Paul Magrs [Fifth Doctor & Iris Wildthyme] Big Finish £9.99

Saturday 16

TV Doctor Who: Survival by Rona Munro [Seventh Doctor & Ace] UK Gold

Sunday 17

TV Doctor Who: Spearhead from Space by Robert Holmes [Third Doctor & Liz] UK Gold

Monday 18

Audio drama Bernice Summerfield and the Greatest Shop in the Galaxy by Paul Ebbs Big Finish

Saturday 23

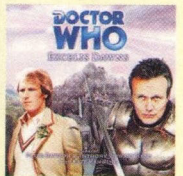
TV Doctor Who and the Silurians by Malcolm Hulke [Third Doctor & Liz] UK Gold

Sunday 24

TV Doctor Who: The Ambassadors of Death by David Whitaker [Third Doctor & Liz] UK Gold

Monday 25

Audio drama Doctor Who: The Chimes of Midnight by Robert Shearman [Eighth Doctor & Charley] Big Finish



MARCH

Saturday 2

TV Doctor Who: Inferno by Don Houghton [Third Doctor & Liz] UK Gold

Sunday 3

TV Doctor Who: Terror of the Autons by Robert Holmes [Third Doctor & Jo] UK Gold

Monday 4

Video Doctor Who: Underworld by Bob Baker and Dave Martin [Fourth Doctor, Leela & K9] BBC Video

Novel Doctor Who: Palace of the Red Sun by Christopher Bulis [Sixth Doctor & Peri] BBC Books

Novel Doctor Who: Anachrophobia by Jonathan Morris [Eighth Doctor, Fitz & Anji] BBC Books

Thursday 7

DWM 315 on sale

Saturday 9

TV Doctor Who: The Mind of Evil by Don Houghton [Third Doctor & Jo] UK Gold

Sunday 10

TV Doctor Who: The Claws of Axos by Bob Baker and Dave Martin [Third Doctor & Jo] UK Gold

Saturday 16

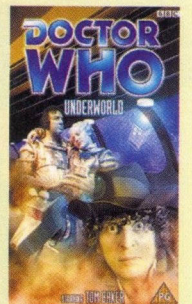
TV Doctor Who: Colony in Space by Malcolm Hulke [Third Doctor & Jo] UK Gold

Sunday 17

TV Doctor Who: The Daemons by Goy Leopol [Third Doctor & Jo] UK Gold

March tbc

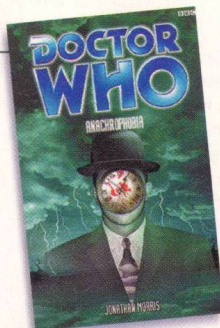
Novella Doctor Who: Citadel of Dreams by Dave Stone [Seventh Doctor & Ace] Telos Publishing £10/£25



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Anachrophobia

a novel by **Jonathan Morris**



Published 4 March
Featuring The Eighth Doctor, Fitz Kreiner and Anji Kapoor
Enemies Time itself
Setting Isolation Station Forty
You'll like this if you like ...
 Horror Of Fang Rock, Sapphire & Steel, the surrealist art movement of the 1930's
Watch out for The reflection in the mirror

Time travel is, of course, dangerous and messy, even when you get it right. When, like Dr Paterson, you are working at the cutting edge of research into the field, the risks are even higher. And like so many innovations, the research is fuelled on conflict; the war ethic – ‘kill them before they kill us’ – is even more apt than usual. The Doctor might be able to help – but he’s stranded here without a functioning TARDIS...

“There is something of a tradition amongst authors who have had successful first novels,” declares Jonathan Morris, “to do something more dark and meaningful as their follow-up, which proves to be not quite so popular. That is a tradition I have embraced!

Festival Of Death was a novelisation of an imaginary TV show; *Anachrophobia* is a novel, proper.”

“I wanted it to be more serious, and to concentrate on atmosphere. My goal was to write the scariest Doctor Who book ever. I had a post-it saying ‘Keep It Spooky!’ stuck to my computer monitor! I wanted characters with a bit more depth, so I tried to keep the cast small and confine them to one, claustrophobic location, rather like the lighthouse in *Horror of Fang Rock*, to keep the threat on a human scale. And after the complexities of *Festival Of Death*, I wanted to write something with a linear, straight-forward plot.” Since *Anachrophobia* – like *Festival* – deals with time travel more explicitly than most Doctor Who, the change of approach is not all-embracing. “Inevitably there are some thematic and stylistic similarities. But *Festival Of*

Can the Doctor help without a working TARDIS?



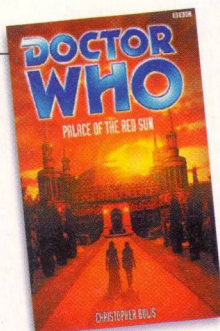
which, eventually, inspired the ‘monsters’ for *Anachrophobia*. I find surrealist art quite unnerving; a juxtaposition of the familiar and the strange, hinting at the hidden depths of the psyche.”

Given that this is Morris’ first contribution to the ongoing adventures of the Eighth Doctor, how was his work affected by preceding novels in the series? “*Anachrophobia* is very much a stand-alone novel. I’ve avoided referring to anything at all before *Henrietta Street* – and any references are just small details of colour. I read *Henrietta Street* and *Mad Dogs* during the writing process. I think *Anachrophobia* is the one book this year that will make your jaw drop. It will give you nightmares. It is spooky monsters, corridors and bases under seige. You will read it from behind the sofa!”

DAVID DARLINGTON

Palace of the Red Sun

a novel by **Christopher Bulis**



Published 4 March
Featuring The Sixth Doctor and Peri Brown
Enemies Glavis Judd
Setting The gardens of a small planet, orbiting a red sun
You'll like this if you like ...
 The Ultimate Treasure, Last Year at Marienbad, Alice's Adventures in Wonderland
Watch out for A new game: “Hunt the TARDIS”!

Look outside. Now look outside again. Something has changed – however imperceptibly, the day has moved on, the sun is further west. But what if it didn’t work like that ...? Where has Peri gone, on this world where the sun never moves in the sky? Why are the gardens inhabited by an over-friendly teddy bear? And can this world really be at the centre of a revolutionary war?

“I’m usually not short of ideas,” declares prolific author Christopher Bulis, and it’s a claim that isn’t difficult to believe. “This time, I was inspired by a place – I’d seen some pictures of a country house garden, I can’t remember where, looking immaculate. There were no people in the picture, so this conjured an image of a perfect day – a tranquil Sunday afternoon in high summer. Time almost feels suspended at these moments – it floats.

So I thought, what if you were somewhere where these gardens continue forever, just stretching on? You’d go through a hedge or a wall and there’s another one, and another one... and it really is timeless.”

An original notion, certainly – does Bulis always create a setting, and populate it thus? “No, just this time – although I’ve done artwork, so I’ve got a reasonable visual sense. But I’m strongly affected by a sense of ‘place’, I have visual memories which I can’t tie down to a particular place or even put into words, but they’re in my head, and I still want to write stories about them. I could take pages just describing one moment in time, its particular unique sense of purpose and atmosphere. Here, the setting came first, then the logic behind it. Where is this place? What

Why are the gardens inhabited by a teddy bear?



progressing and being resolved.” All this suggests Bulis might feel a little restrained by having to incorporate enough bangs, bells and whistles to keep his readers happy. “Yes, but that’s true in any genre

might have happened to make it like this? When I started to fill in the backstory, I came up with the idea of using Dixel Dynes, who I created for *The Ultimate Treasure*. Atmosphere is crucial, especially in Doctor Who. You need a sense of place, and of mystery – the unresolved is the basis of so much of it. You can take that further, like the first Dalek story when it took the whole of the first episode to get into the city. They weren’t hurrying – they were building up tension and piling up questions, and that was great, the pace was that much slower. It would be tempting to try a story where almost nothing is resolved and just wallow in the strangeness of it, but nowadays people do expect to be given more facts, attention spans have possibly diminished a bit. I do want to keep the reader mystified, but mystify somebody for too long and you’ve lost them – you have to drop hints, answer a few minor points, so the reader keeps a sense that things are

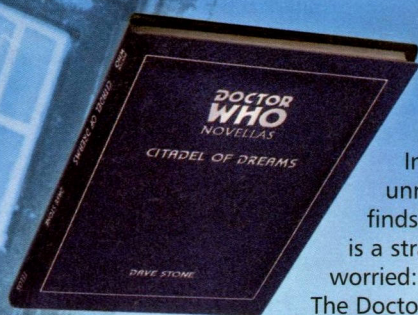
– in a ghost story you expect something ghostly to happen. Doctor Who is science fiction in the old-fashioned sense, and I keep it consistent with a logical extrapolation of scientific principles. Limitations give you something to play off; they’re necessary to get some result. You need a definite aim, or else it might be like a 20-page essay on the inside of a ping-pong ball.”

Will Bulis visit the world of Doctor Who again? “Well, I still want to improve. Somewhere out there is the perfect book, where everything works; the characters are wonderful, the setting imaginative, the progression fresh. I’ll probably never write it, unfortunately, but I’ll keep struggling along. My book won’t be perfect, but hopefully it will entertain well enough.”

DAVID DARLINGTON

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DOCTOR WHOTM NOVELLAS



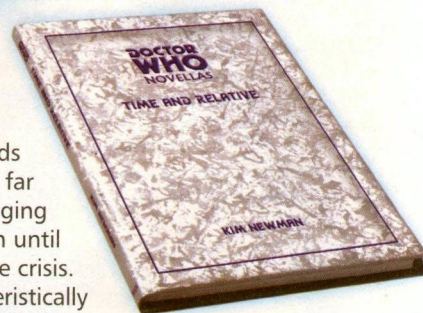
CITADEL OF DREAMS **BY DAVE STONE (COMING FEB 2002)**

In the city-state of Hokesch, time itself is playing tricks; the present is unreliable, the future impossible to intimate. A street child, Joey Quine, finds himself subject to horrifying visions. The only person he can turn to is a stranger who calls herself Ace... The ruler of the city, Magnus Solaris, is worried: his memory is failing and his city is falling apart. What is happening? The Doctor knows – but he's not telling. As both world and time crumble, Magnus and Joey will unearth secrets they could never have suspected...

TIME AND RELATIVE **BY KIM NEWMAN (AVAILABLE NOW)**

The harsh British winter of 1963 brings a big freeze that extends into April with no sign of letting up. And with it comes a new, far greater menace: terrifying icy creatures are stalking the streets, bringing death and destruction. The First Doctor and Susan, trapped on Earth until the faulty TARDIS can be repaired, find themselves caught up in the crisis.

The Doctor seems to know what is going on, but is uncharacteristically detached and furtive, almost as if he is losing his memory...



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HE SPRUNG THE DALEKS ON AN UNSUSPECTING PUBLIC, USHERED IN THE SECOND AND FOURTH DOCTORS AND HAS MORE *DOCTOR WHO* STORIES

UNDER HIS BELT THAN ANY OTHER DIRECTOR. IN THE FIRST OF A MAJOR THREE-PART INTERVIEW – ALSO HIS LAST – CHRISTOPHER BARRY TAKES BENJAMIN COOK BACK TO THOSE HEADY DAYS OF CARDBOARD AND MONOCHROME ...

Christopher Barry has a lot to answer for. I mean – literally! “I sometimes think of *Doctor Who* as the albatross around my neck,” he says. “Once I’d established a reputation with the programme, I found it difficult to avoid being scheduled to do it – but I didn’t like being stereotyped as a *Doctor Who* director. There was, believe it or not, quite a stigma attached to that.”

His stats are, nevertheless, impressive. Nine-and-a-half *Doctor Who* serials, spanning four Doctors, five producers, 11 scriptwriters, nigh on 16 years – and more corridors than you could shake a Dalek eyestalk at. Intrigued? So was he. “I found out once that I was down to direct a *Doctor Who* without having been told,” he recalls, “so I deliberately refused and went on leave or got myself something else to avoid it! I was aware that *Doctor Who* wasn’t going to further my career much in the direction that I was hoping for it to go. Little did I realise that I would end up as the director with the most *Doctor Who* serials to his credit! It’s the only work, of my entire career, that is really remembered by anyone.”

Christopher joined the BBC in 1955, having previously worked at Ealing Studios on several film productions. “After RAF service as an aircrew navigator, I got a job as a trainee writer-cum-reader,” he clarifies, “which gave me insight into working in films. I eventually became a first assistant director, with responsibility for some small directing jobs. At Cambridge in late-1943, another airman and I had doubled for Jack Watling and Richard Attenborough in a feature film called *Journey Together*, which was made to assist RAF recruiting – and my first film as first assistant at Ealing was *The Ship That Died of Shame*, which Basil Dearden directed, with Attenborough as one of the stars!”

Why, then, did Christopher opt to pursue a career in television? “I’m glad I made the move. Whilst working in films at Ealing, I was engaged to help script a television play about Maire Lloyd – called *Our Maire* – and I became quite fascinated by the idea of live presentation, cutting shots together using a multi-camera technique. My fascination for those ‘pictures in bottles’ – as a film colleague of mine unkindly dubbed television – developed from there. Whilst at Ealing, and at school before, I’d done some amateur drama work, including directing, and when Ealing looked to be going down the tubes, Basil told me of a job going in BBC Drama, which I applied for and got. It was as a production assistant, which is television’s equivalent to a first assistant director.

“For the greater part of my first few years at the BBC, I worked with a producer and director called

Campbell Logan: a very experienced ex-theatre man who knew little of film and its possibilities. My advice and experience was, therefore, of immense value to him – and I was, before long, directing sequences for him on film. Our work was mainly on so-called ‘classic serials’ – Sunday teatime stuff – like *Jane Eyre*, *Vanity Fair* and *Precious Bane*. By 1958, I was directing whole programmes in my own right, most of them live, including the early twice-weekly soap *Starr and Company*. Campbell was a stubborn Scot and a hard taskmaster – but overall, I was enjoying my life.”

How did Christopher come to co-direct the very first Dalek serial in 1963? “I was, by then, a pretty experienced director on the staff of the BBC Drama

office at the BBC for the selection board for the post of staff director – this was at a later date when I was seeking promotion – and him, presumably setting a cosily casual scene and taking a stuffy English guy down a peg or two, putting his thick, suede, crepe-soled shoes on the desk right in front of my face! I was, needless to say, somewhat disconcerted, even though I’d met him before at ABC.” On that occasion, Newman had offered Christopher the job, but a strike called by the actors’ union Equity “caused it to fall through, so I returned to the Beeb. When Sydney came to the Corporation and put up his idea for *Doctor Who*, with Verity Lambert as Producer, he must have thought of me as a likely lad to direct on it.”

‘The establishment at the BBC was not at all keen on *Doctor Who* – and Sydney Newman himself was a loose cannon!’



Directing the Daleks for a second time in 1966’s *The Power of the Daleks* © BBC

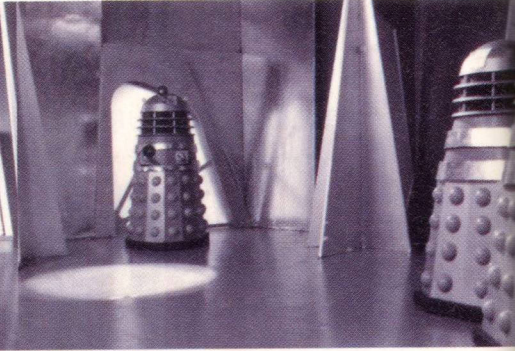
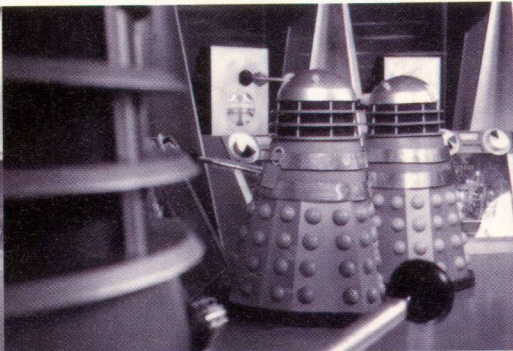
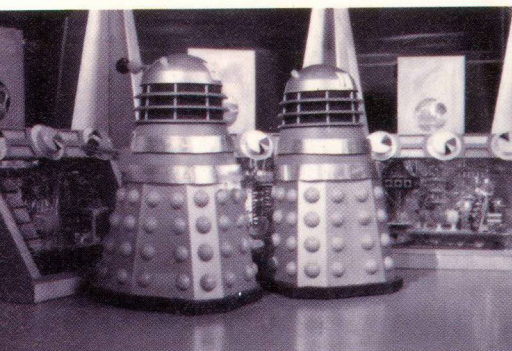
Serials Department – and I’d just made a docu-drama called *The Net*, written by Wilfred Greatorex, about immigration and passport control, which had been very well received by audiences and critics alike. So much so, in fact, that I’d taken a telererecording of it down to ABC Studios at Teddington to show their Drama Chief, Sydney Newman, in the hope of getting a job outside of the Beeb.” Newman, a distinguished Canadian producer, soon afterwards moved to the BBC where, as Head of Drama Group, he would help conceive a certain science fiction success story ...

“My over-riding memory of Sydney,” takes up Christopher, “is of standing before him in his

What does Christopher remember of his co-director, Richard Martin? “He was from the theatre, I recall, so it was thought that he’d benefit from backup by a more experienced television director, and that we should both benefit from spreading the load of seven episodes of very difficult – and new – sci-fi material. We worked very closely in the planning stages. We existed as equals.” Did either of them have even the remote clue that *Doctor Who* would prove to be so successful? “No way! The ‘Sixth Floor’ establishment was not at all keen – and Sydney himself was something of a loose cannon. We knew that,

but we pressed on regardless. Verity has become something of a legend since. At that time, her first production, she was most supportive, although she wasn’t popular with other – male! – producers. There was a certain resentment there, I think. I had one friend in particular, a senior producer, who resented what he called her ‘female ways!’”

I wonder what Christopher made of Terry Nation’s debut Dalek script. “It was a good concept,” he muses, “and something of a blueprint for the ‘good versus evil’ themes that were to be a hallmark of the whole *Doctor Who* ethos. I only met Nation once. He seemed to have as little time for me – or the programme – as I came to have for



Under Christopher Barry's guidance, Nation's creations make their first assault on the public consciousness. Britain's playgrounds never knew what hit 'em! © BBC VIDEO

him. I don't think he realised the monster that he'd spawned." The designer originally allocated to this story was Ridley Scott, better known today as the director of films such as *Alien* and *Gladiator*, but he was unable to attend the filming at Ealing, so Raymond Cusick was brought in as his replacement. "I was very enthusiastic about what Ray made of the Daleks, though Nation's black-and-white on the page hadn't given us a lot to go on. Ray's Daleks were so practically constructed – and relatively easy to handle, but Sydney Newman didn't like them at all!" Bug-eyed monsters? "They were very superior bug-eyed monsters!"

"I hope I've always given full credit to designers," he continues, "and to the importance of their designs to the feel and impact of a show. I

operators had to press bell-buttons inside their suits to keep their headlights flashing in sync with the out-of-vision actor's words!"

Christopher himself was responsible for directing our first ever glimpse of the metallic meanies: an unseen monster tracks Barbara, with only its 'plunger' in shot. Barbara lets rip! Cue theme. "Good thriller directors suggest terror," he emphasises, "rather than explicitly showing it. Orson Welles terrified the East Coast US with his celebrated radio broadcast of *The War of the Worlds*. It sent the nation into a panic – and that was with sound alone – and I remembered that, although I'd never heard it, so I followed that precept of allowing the audience's imagination to do the work by only showing one 'arm' coming out. I also

sound crew. We weren't always able to redo it, but here we did."

What does Christopher remember of the regular cast? Were they still finding their feet? "I have no recollection now, nearly 40 years on, of any problems of cast getting into character. They worked well together, though I recall some tetchiness from Bill Hartnell later on. Carol Ann Ford was charming – and forever afterwards besieged me with letters trying to get me to cast her as something other than a schoolgirl! But alas, I never did. I guess she'd made too big a mark as Susan. William Russell [Ian] and Jacqueline Hill [Barbara] were also lovely to work with. They were both such professionals playing people from professional backgrounds, which I think gave an authenticity to the companions that was missing in later years – not wishing to name any names!"

Was it always intended that Christopher would be asked back to direct further *Doctor Who* episodes? "I suppose it was on the cards, yes, as I didn't make a hash of my first bash at it – and I was available as a staff director." His second *Doctor Who*

serial, *The Rescue* in Season Two, introduced us to a new companion. Did Christopher play any part in casting Maureen O'Brien as Vicki? "Not really. Had I objected violently it would have been up to the producer either to think again or to replace me. The latter would, no doubt, have been the outcome – but no, I approved of Maureen. She was a conscientious actress and keen to 'get it right'." What are the criteria for a successful companion? "The best companions were those that had a lot more to do than just scream – but that was principally to do with the writing, really, and up to the actress subsequently.

"As a vehicle to introduce Vicki, *The Rescue* worked pretty well, I think. And I believe audiences were genuinely fooled – and thrilled – by the Koquillion

element." Ray Barrett was cast in the double role of good guy Bennett and bad guy Koquillion. "There was some anxiety as to whether we'd get away with concealing that!" To preserve the whodunit aspect of the story, Koquillion was credited as being played by 'Sydney Wilson' at the end of the first episode and in the *Radio Times* billing. "This was a pseudonym made up from the forename of Sydney Newman and the surname of [Head of Serials] Donald Wilson!"

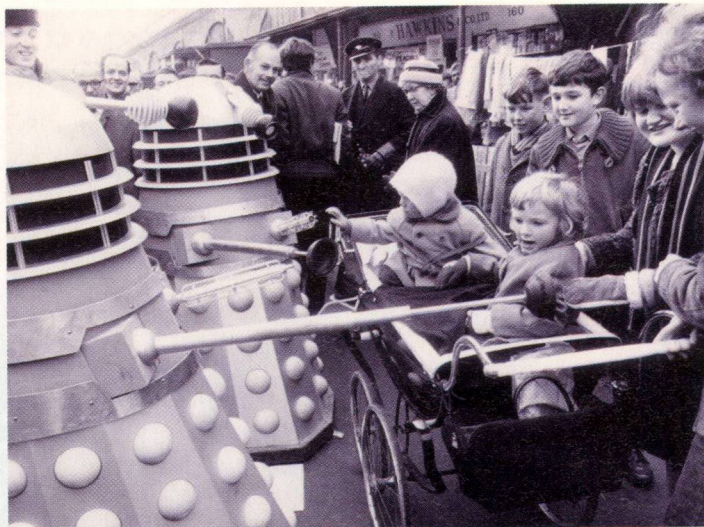
How restricting was working on such a tight budget? "Special effects took up a lot of the design effort," Christopher comments, "and the sets, being spooky or futuristic, couldn't easily be constructed using 'stock flats'. A lot of extra labour

'Terry Nation seemed to have very little time for *Doctor Who*. I don't think he fully realised the monster that he'd spawned.'

was very happy with the overall metallic impression of the jungle and its inhabitants, for example, and the city models that helped to create a futuristic atmosphere. In fact, the reason I used [musician] Tristram Cary was that his electronic music was very evocative of that metallic world. At the time, electronic music – or 'musique concrète' as it was known – was still in its infancy and not greatly trusted. I'd used Tristram's music just beforehand on a thriller serial called *No Cloak, No Dagger* – and I'd liked it. Sydney loathed all of Tristram's music!"

In considering how to realise the Daleks' voices, Christopher first approached the Post Office's Joint Speech Research Unit, who sent him a tape of examples of two types of 'synthetic speech', but then "it was decided that the voices would have to be done 'live' in the studio, so something had to be produced 'in-house' at the Beeb. As it was, the 'ex-ter-min-ate, ex-ter-min-ate' voice guaranteed the Daleks' success with the kids, as well as with the marketing bodies. My elder son had one of the plastic Dalek costumes, whilst his younger brother made do with a cardboard box!"

Were the real Dalek props difficult to direct? "Communication was sometimes a bit tricky," acknowledges Christopher, "but the operators became 'regulars' – and, like all good pros, knew what was wanted before they were asked. Ray's designs had the guys inside sitting on a bench, pushing themselves along with their feet, and they could only see through the pierced metal screening that ran round under their 'fringes'. In the early days, before electronic synchronisation, the



"Bloody-kids!" The Daleks meet their legions of young fans on a 1964 publicity drive. © BBC

liked the later shot where the Doctor and his companions enter the laboratory and I pull back fast to reveal all the Daleks that I had available!"

There are reports that the first episode was recorded but later scrapped and had to be remounted some weeks later. "You ring a tiny bell at the back of my mind. In those days, we had a lot of trouble with feedback from gallery talkback getting onto the tape soundtrack. It was a bugger! In this case, you could clearly hear the shot numbers being called and other gallery commands. Nobody seemed to know for sure whether it came from magnetic induction or, literally, from the cans – that is, headphones – worn by the camera and

– and money – had to go into building new sets.” Did the sets on *Doctor Who* really wobble? “All sets were liable to wobble, not just on *Doctor Who*. I recall a flat falling over once on a classic serial! *The Rescue* was a nightmare to direct. I remember shooting a scene in which the actors had to destroy a radio set, but the prop wouldn’t break! I felt terribly depressed about that.

“I always tended to dread creating monsters, too, as there were only so many ways to do them. If they were to be animated, they had to contain a person, which limited movement, so they always walked with their arms outstretched like sleepwalkers! I often cogitate – in regards to anything to do with fantasy or effects, as well as with sets or locations – what a different programme *Doctor Who* might have been had electronic computer graphics been around back then. What a difference *Paintbox* would have made!”

Richard Martin had been earmarked to direct the next four-part serial, *The Romans*, until it was decided that the team that made *The Rescue* should do it instead, so the “two consecutive stories were, effectively, produced as one six-part serial.” When Christopher took over, one of his first acts was to contact Rome’s Museo Della Civiltà Romana to obtain information regarding Italy under the rule of Nero ... “If one wants to keep the vestiges of believability,” he reasons, “then one must observe historical accuracy – well, up to a point! It mustn’t be allowed to stifle imagination or creativity, for instance, whereas anything goes in the future or on an alien planet. Quite a lot of research went into getting *The Romans* to look right – sets, furniture, costumes ... Archaeology is something of a hobby of mine, so I was fairly well up on that era.”

Sydney Newman had intended *Doctor Who* to educate younger viewers in science and history. Was Christopher at all aware of the show still trying to do this? “You will probably laugh if I answer ‘yes’ to this one, seeing that our comical

William Hartnell appreciate the opportunity to demonstrate his comic talents? “I think he was less happy with the degree of farce that I allowed,” grins Christopher, “though he was always good for a subtle laugh.

“It has been said of my work generally that I always seem to find comedy in out-of-the-way

Romans? “The scene in the galley sticks in my mind. All that water in the studio! The magnifying glass business also tickled my ribs. Otherwise, my memories seem to be of endless chases up and down corridors, owing to a very clever set by Ray Cusick that could be used in so many different ways. I still have the original model.”



New faces of '64: the “conscientious” Maureen O'Brien is unveiled as Vicki!

places. I like to show up the comic side of things – when it works! And with a comic actor like Derek Francis [Nero], we just had to play it for all the laughs we could get! Derek later played Waxford Squeers for me in *Nicholas Nickleby* – and we found much comedy to be had from that old horror too!” Does Christopher have a favourite scene from *The*

After taking on *The Rescue* and *The Romans*, Christopher worked on the soap *The Flying Swan* and the BBC2 serial *Take a Pair of Private Eyes*. He was then asked back to *Doctor Who* to helm *The Savages* ... “Although this was the first time that I’d worked with [then producer] Innes Lloyd,” he relates, “I already knew him well within the Beeb as a friend – and as a real gentleman in that old-fashioned way. Terrific charm and great manners combined to make him a natural for getting things done his way! Although we were to have an altercation later in my career, I never remember a cross word with Innes on *Doctor Who*. I even stayed at his flat in London one night.”

Writer Ian Stuart Black claimed that *The Savages* had a disguised political and philosophical message. Can *Doctor Who* accommodate such intellectual – and largely verbal – stories? “Oh, come now! Of course it can! Ian and I certainly discussed this theme, but there was nearly always a subtext of a political or social nature in *Doctor Who*. Okay, so the kiddies didn’t read it, but the more astute and intelligent teens and adults did – and it no doubt raised the level of entertainment for them from being ‘just kids’ stuff’.”

The Savages saw Christopher’s first location filming for the series. How do you choose one gravel pit over another? “The Oxshott Quarry in Surrey wasn’t actually chosen by me,” he laughs, “but had been used for the finale of the previous story [*The Gunfighters*] by the director – was it Rex Tucker? I chose the other pit in Buckinghamshire as it had been excavated in a strangely moon-like fashion, which gave scenes there an exotic and dramatic look.” Are gravel pits a sci-fi director’s best friend? “No – but with our sort of budget, and the need to find something different, one had little choice. Location scouting has always been something of a hit and miss affair, but I don’t think that second quarry was too bad at all!”

How tough was filming on location with the BBC in the 1960s? “There were no inherent problems. The Beeb was well attuned to its needs and demands, though there was always a *modus vivendi* to be struck with regard to the number of sets and locations required. You recall how

I said that *The Romans* set was so versatile? The locations generally depended on the space available in the studio, the budget, and what was logistically referred to as ‘film effort’ that could be assigned to a production.

These were all things that the poor producer had to juggle

‘Good thriller directors only suggest terror ... the audience’s imagination does the rest!’

view of Nero’s rule of Rome could hardly be called educational! Was this the beginning of ‘dumbing down’? At least the kids would be able to answer quiz questions about Nero and the burning down of Rome, but would they all think it was started by a magnifying glass?”

Dennis Spooner wrote *The Romans* as an out-and-out comedy. Was this experiment in doing more humorous *Doctor Who* successful? “Yes, for my money. Although it wasn’t a great success in terms of ratings, might that not have been precisely because it was ‘different’ and possibly a bit ‘stupid’? To write such a farce was a bit daring, I know, but we all enjoyed getting as much fun out of it as possible. Once Tom Baker became the Doctor, of course, fun was everywhere to be found. Everyone was well used to it by then.” Did





A (well-researched) toga party for the TARDIS crew in *The Romans* ... and a meeting with Derek Francis' Nero in Cusick's clever corridor! © BBC

with! It was made worse for the poor sod by a director like me who loved filming much more than studio work!

Raymond Jones' use of woodwind on *The Savages* provided an eerie alternative to the usual style of *Doctor Who* incidental music. "I think his score made a definite contribution to the programme. Up until when Dudley Simpson obtained practically a franchise to do *Doctor Who* – though very good at it he was – directors could select whom they liked. Having chosen the composer, I would then discuss with him where I wanted music and what sort of help or atmosphere I wanted from it. He would then come up with snatches and themes and go on from there, very much on his own after initial outline approval. He would sometimes add extra bits where he could see they might help. The final recording session was often a revelation to a director: 'Did I really ask for that?!'"

The *Savages*' guest cast was led by Frederick Jaegar as Jano and Ewen Solon as Chal. "Freddie and Ewen were both good and respected," notes Christopher, "but if their names brought us more publicity then, hey, all the better. I was very lucky to get them." He also cast Clare Jenkins and Kay Patrick, both of whom he had

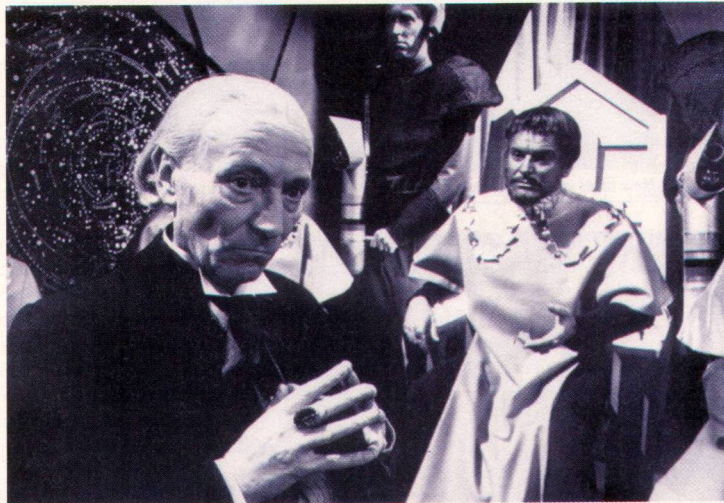
with a lot of nakedness! The guns that Exorse and others carried were adaptations of CO2 fire extinguishers, which made a nice squirting noise, but were damn cold on the skin! Clare, in her skimpy costume, wasn't best pleased about that!"

The *Savages* was series regular Peter Purves' *Doctor Who* swansong. "He was – and is – a very nice bloke, but I think he felt that he wasn't going anywhere with the part of Steven and that it was time to look elsewhere. He was quite anxious to

Underground. Bill was often heard to make disparaging remarks about some of them."

Had the actor changed much since that very first Dalek serial? "I, erm, can't answer that in a positive way. Sometimes, no doubt, he could be stubborn and set in his ways, but the thing that caused me the most impatience was his forgetfulness of his lines later on in his portrayal – something which now, at my age, I can very well understand!" Was it time for him to go? "I don't know how old

he was, but he was forgetful to the point where a change was thought to be a good thing, though it was bound to be risky from the viewers' point of view."



A little bit of politics? William Hartnell and Frederick Jaegar get meaningful in *The Savages*. © BBC

'Hartnell was a Cockney hero – opinionated and endearing. Except when he didn't want to be ...'

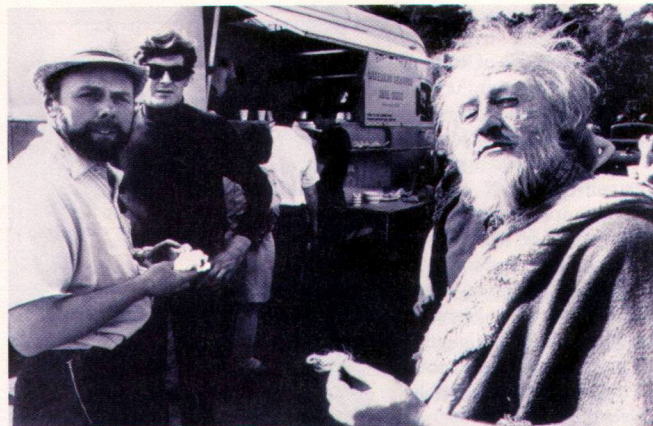
used previously ... "Clare had had a tiny part as 'Girl in Nightclub' in *Take a Pair of Private Eyes* and I thought she deserved a larger role in something else. She seemed to have a vulnerable quality that I thought would suit her for Nanina. Kay Patrick had first worked for me in *Ann Veronica*, a 1964 BBC2 classic serial, and I so much liked her sense of fun that I thought she would make a good Poppaea in *The Romans*. We became good friends, so I was anxious to give her other parts – and then Flower in *The Savages* came up.

"Kay is now a well established director and producer. We remain good friends. She e-mailed me only last month saying that she still gets requests for autographs and photos for both of her *Doctor Who* roles! Incidentally, Claire's *Doctor Who* 'costume' was that worn by Raquel Welch in [Hammer's prehistoric epic] *One Million Years BC* – or so I was led to believe. At any rate, it left her

go. I've kept on a friendship with Peter ever since, which, though I never directed him again, led to the boot going on the other foot when, working as a freelancer, I twice directed corporate videos for his companies."

Shortly after production finished on *The Savages*, it was announced in the press that William Hartnell would also be leaving the show. "He was an experienced actor," considers Christopher, "and a professional whose career had been circumscribed by a type-casting as a British NCO. He was a lower middle-class Cockney hero, with all the impedimenta that goes with that: prejudiced, opinionated, humorous and, overall, endearing – except when he didn't

How eager was Christopher to return to *Doctor Who* to direct *The Power of the Daleks*? "I don't recall my true emotions," he admits, "but I can say that I thought I was coming back to it too soon after *The Savages*. It meant that I was doing a fifth *Doctor Who* assignment out of a total of only ten programmes that I'd directed in roughly three years, but the experience of working with Innes had been a happy one and the prospect of another *Doctor Who* with him – and of starting off my friend Patrick



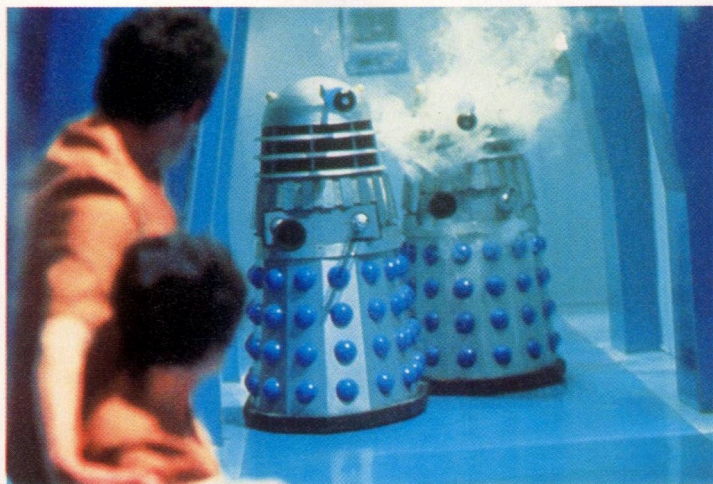
Christopher Barry, Peter Purves and Ewen Solon take a break at Oxshott Quarry. © BBC

Troughton in his new role – was an inviting one.

"Obviously, I was asked – or told! – about his casting before agreeing to direct the serial, but I can't claim any credit for putting his name forward. I was just delighted to be there at the genesis of his Doctor to give him all the help and support that I could." How far was Sydney

Newman still watching over the show? “Sydney conceived Patrick as a ‘space hobo’ – and we went along with that. Patrick himself introduced the pipe playing, actually, though I don’t think Sydney cared for that very much! Apart from wanting to indulge Pat’s wishes, I didn’t have any strong desire to set my own stamp on the show, so I didn’t feel as though I was being held in check. I think Sydney had the right instincts about his baby – and I for one went along with him.”

It has been reported that, at one point, Troughton considered playing the part wearing a frizzy Harpo-Marx-type wig! True or false? “I do remember a session at a West End costumers where Pat, Innes and myself – and probably [costume designer] Sandra Reid – were trying all sorts of weird outfits on him. I think a Harpo wig may have been there for a few brief seconds of laughter. The settling of Pat’s look was very much a group effort – it certainly wasn’t instantaneous.



The Daleks expire in a spectacular – non-prop-wrecking! – manner in *The Power of the Daleks* ... even so, John Scott-Martin and his fellow operators seem glad of a breather ...

Pat gave it much time and thought before really settling happily into the character.”

How far are all the Doctors fundamentally the same character? “All the Doctors have been the ‘story-teller’, basically, or the ‘weaver of dreams’. That aside, there has been a primal need for them to be sympathetic, both to the audience and to their companions, and deserving of great respect for their knowledge and ability.” Might some of the comedy in *The Power of the Daleks*, then, have been just a little bit too distracting for an audience? When Troughton stands after sitting in a chair, for instance, and goes to leave the room, the chair remains firmly held to his behind! “I suppose some people might say so. As far as I remember, the chair business actually happened like that and we kept it in! As I say, I tend to look for comedy in the things that I do. I guess it’s one of my failings – or my strengths!”

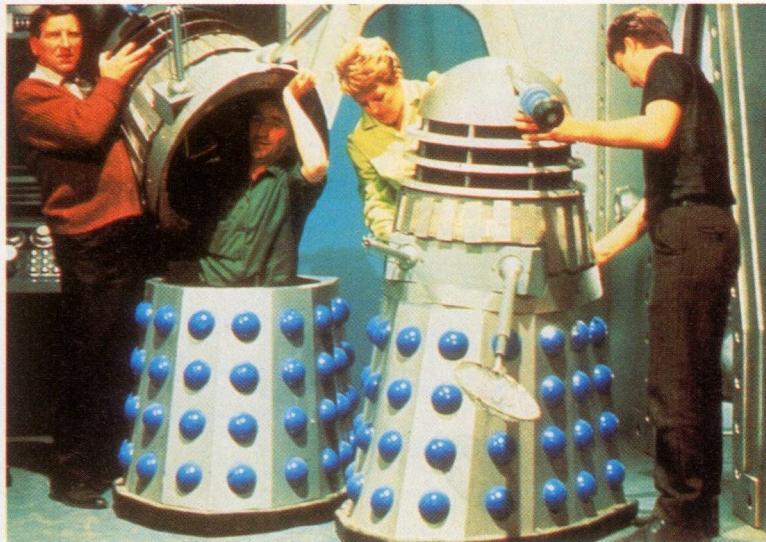
The ‘regeneration’ process wasn’t actually identified as such until many years later. I wonder how Christopher justified the character’s physical transformation? “I don’t remember this being a problem for any of us. We knew Hartnell had gone, Troughton had arrived – and we were doing a series about a ‘time warrior’, so why shouldn’t he assume a new persona? This was science fiction, after all, not realist-documentary!” Who actually thought up the premise? No one seems sure. “Nor am I. I think it was a group effort.” And, erm, why did the Doctor’s clothes also regenerate? Sorry to be sad. “It was very important. The Doctor was taking on a new persona, so we felt the clothes should metamorphose with the body. I don’t remember being asked about this before!”

To what extent did Christopher want to play with viewers’ distrust of the new Doctor? “I don’t think I was that disingenuous! I was more anxious to reassure them. I was tickled by the shot where Troughton looks in the mirror and his image turns to Hartnell and back to Troughton – reassuring him and us that, although he is who he is, nevertheless, underneath lurks Hartnell. The change of lead was a gamble, but the show’s popularity was such – and Troughton so good – that we were, I think, pretty confident. There was a great deal of excitement in the air. And it was shrewd to have the Daleks in there for a reprise at the start of the new era.”

Terry Nation believed that no other writer understood the Daleks as well as he, yet David Whitaker scripted *The Power of the Daleks*. “As far as I was concerned, the Daleks – whoever wrote for them – provided an infamous enemy and a sufficiently

but they were certainly born looking the way they do, and they both had a set of rather angular features that gave them a head start when it came to looking wicked. Their excellent acting talents supplied the rest. Both these actors had worked for me before, so I knew their work and was able to cast them with confidence. One does tend to build up a repertory of actors whom one likes and gets on well with and who deliver the goods. Pat Troughton was one such: he worked for me on four occasions outside of *Doctor Who*.”

No episodes of *The Power of the Daleks* or, indeed, *The Savages* currently exist in the BBC archives. “I am grieved, naturally, by the absence of much of my work, but what a treacherous weapon is hindsight! It wasn’t until after Pat’s death that anyone took much interest in



‘I never regretted being away from *Doctor Who*, as I was able to do other things that I considered more worthwhile.’

dramatic threat for the story to work and work well.” Was *The Power of the Daleks* not a teensy bit predictable? “Not at all! No! By then, surely, everyone knew that the Daleks were evil incarnate – and their very name spelt trouble!”

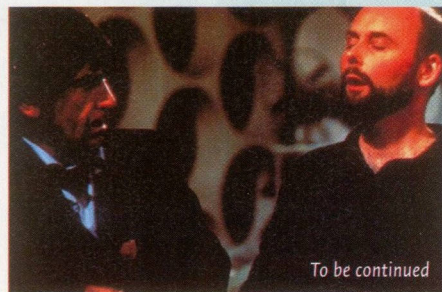
Recalling that the Daleks’ ranks had been augmented in their debut story with a number of board-mounted photographic blow-ups, Christopher employed the same technique again. “I was very proud of how we did that. And for the production line, as seen through the capsule window, we shot toy Daleks that were available from the shops, which we’d slightly adapted to make them conform to the real thing, running along a miniature conveyer belt. They were cheap and virtually endless. I have one with me still!”

How difficult was filming the sequences that showed the destruction of the Daleks with only four full-size props? “We had to be careful, obviously, not to totally wreck any of the Daleks, so it was mostly done with smoke and thunder-flashes that looked good but didn’t actually damage the Daleks. I certainly don’t recall any of the operators in oxygen masks!”

The serial’s most acclaimed guest performances were from Robert James, as crazed scientist Lesterson, and Bernard Archard, as the villainous Bragen. Are some actors born to play bad guys? “I don’t know about being born to play,

the missing stories. If only the powers-that-be had foreseen how much money could be made from old programmes, I mean, the Beeb could have found room in the vaults for every thing it’d ever made!” Quite.

After finishing work on *The Power of the Daleks*, Christopher took a welcome break from *Doctor Who*. “I never regretted being away from *Doctor Who*, as I was able to do other things that I considered – yes, I say it – more worthwhile: plays, docudramas and productions that certainly brought greater credit to my reputation as a director, like *Z-Cars*, *Out of the Unknown*, *The Newcomers* and *Paul Temple*. When I did eventually come back to *Doctor Who*, it was with a bang – and on a cracking good story with lots of ‘film effort’. A chance to show what I could really do ... **DWM**



To be continued

CHILDREN OF THE REVOLUTION part three

THAT'S THE FOURTH GROUP TO ARRIVE IN THE LAST TWO HOURS. GOD, THEY'RE LIKE FLIES BUZZING AROUND A CARCASS...

DOCTOR, WHAT ARE THEY ATTACHING TO THE HULL? ARE THOSE BOMBS?

SCOTT GRAY - STORY LEE SULLIVAN - ART
ADRIAN SALMON - COLOURING
DAN BAINES & ROGER LANBRIDGE - LETTERING
CLAYTON HICKMAN & ALAN BARNES - EDITORS

I DOUBT IT, ALISON - IF THE DALEKS WANTED US DEAD, THEY COULD HAVE JUST LET THE ARGUS' REACTOR EXPLODE. SO MANY QUESTIONS...

I'VE GOT ONE FOR YOU, DOC...

WHY ARE THEY CALLING YOU THEIR "SAVIOR"?

I... DON'T KNOW.

YEAH? YOU DON'T SEEM TOO CERTAIN OF THAT.

C'MON, TALK TO ME, MAN. I THOUGHT WE WERE FRIENDS.

THEY ALWAYS EXTERMINATE ANY RESISTANCE DURING AN INVASION, BUT YOUR CREWMEN WERE ONLY PARALYSED...

HOW ARE YOU FEELING, TONY?

SINCE THEY TOOK CONTROL, THEY'VE SIMPLY SEALED YOUR CREW INTO A FEW MEETING AREAS. THEY HAVEN'T KILLED ANYONE...

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? FIFTEEN OF MY PEOPLE DIED WHEN THE ARGUS CRASHED! HAS THAT LITTLE FACT SLIPPED YOUR MIND?

NO! BUT SOMETHING DOESN'T ADD UP HERE...

PERHAPS I SHOULD JUST GO AND ASK...

JULIUS, I'M AS MUCH IN THE DARK AS YOU. I'VE FACED THE DALEKS COUNTLESS TIMES, BUT THIS ATTACK DOESN'T FOLLOW THEIR USUAL PATTERN AT ALL...

LIKE MASAI TRIBESMEN ARE DOING A VICTORY DANCE INSIDE MY SKULL... OWWWW...

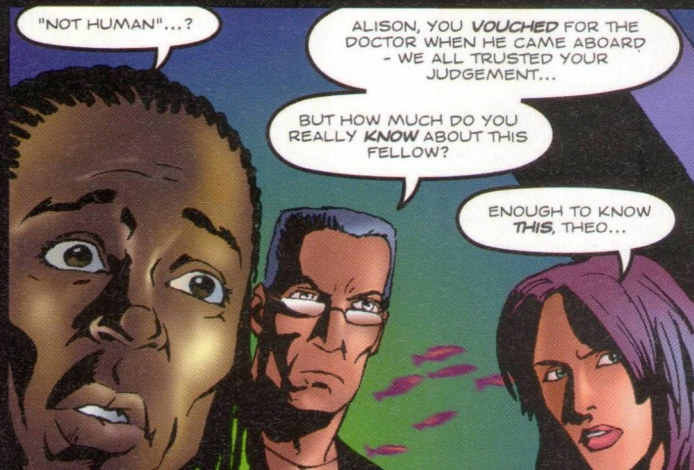


EXCUSE ME... I'D LIKE TO SEE YOUR **COMMANDER**, PLEASE...

I... I HAVE ORDERS TO CONTAIN ALL HUMAN PERSONNEL HERE...

BUT YOU KNOW I'M NOT HUMAN - I'M THE **SAVIOUR**, REMEMBER?

YES... AS YOU WISH...



"NOT HUMAN"...?

ALISON, YOU **VOUCHED** FOR THE DOCTOR WHEN HE CAME ABOARD - WE ALL TRUSTED YOUR JUDGEMENT...

BUT HOW MUCH DO YOU REALLY **KNOW** ABOUT THIS FELLOW?

ENOUGH TO KNOW **THIS**, THEO...



"...IF THERE'S ANY WAY OUT OF THIS MESS, HE'LL FIND IT."

GREETINGS, SAVIOUR. I AM **MAKKITH**, LEADER OF **KOPATH SQUADRON** AND A DEFENDER OF THE STATE.

GOOD AFTERNOON. I WAS JUST SAYING TO MY FRIENDS THAT I'VE ENCOUNTERED DALEKS ALL OVER THE GALAXY, AND I'VE FLATTERED MYSELF THAT I'M AN **EXPERT** ON YOUR SPECIES...

BUT YOU'RE THE FIRST ONE I'VE EVER MET WHO HAD A NAME.



WOULD YOU PLEASE EXPLAIN THIS SITUATION TO ME? MAYBE I'M JUST BEING EXTRAORDINARILY **DENSE** TODAY, BUT I NEED SOME **HELP** HERE...

FORGIVE ME, SAVIOUR... I AM UNWORTHY TO IMPART SUCH KNOWLEDGE. THAT IS A PRIVILEGE RESERVED FOR THE **FIRST-BORN**...

STRUCTURAL INTEGRITY OF THIS CRAFT HAS BEEN RE-ESTABLISHED, SQUADRON LEADER.



UNDERSTOOD...

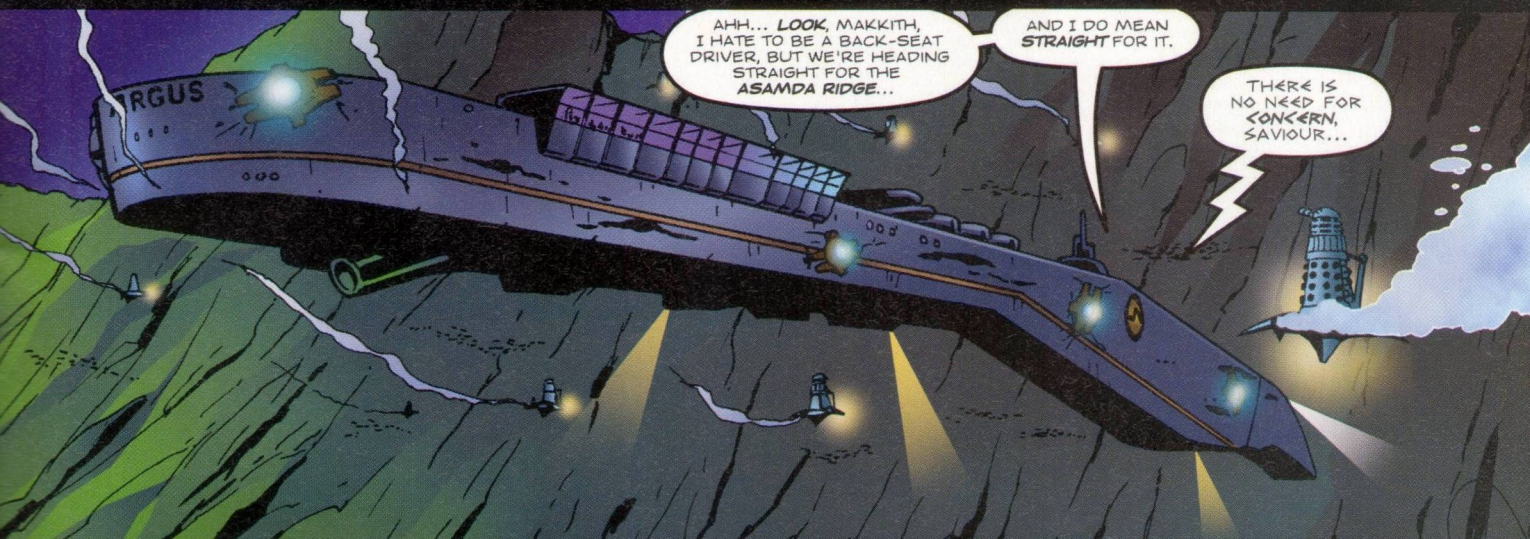
COMMENCE RETRIEVAL OPERATION.



WE'RE **UNDER WAY**? BUT THE ARGUS CAN'T BE OPERATING UNDER ITS OWN POWER...

THOSE **DEVICES** YOU'VE PLACED ON THE HULL - THEY'RE **PROPULSION UNITS**, YES? THEY'RE GENERATING SOME FORM OF **ANTI-GRAVITY FIELD**?

THE SAVIOUR IS WISE IN ALL REALMS OF SCIENCE...



AHH... LOOK, MAKKITH, I HATE TO BE A BACK-SEAT DRIVER, BUT WE'RE HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE **ASAMPA RIDGE**...

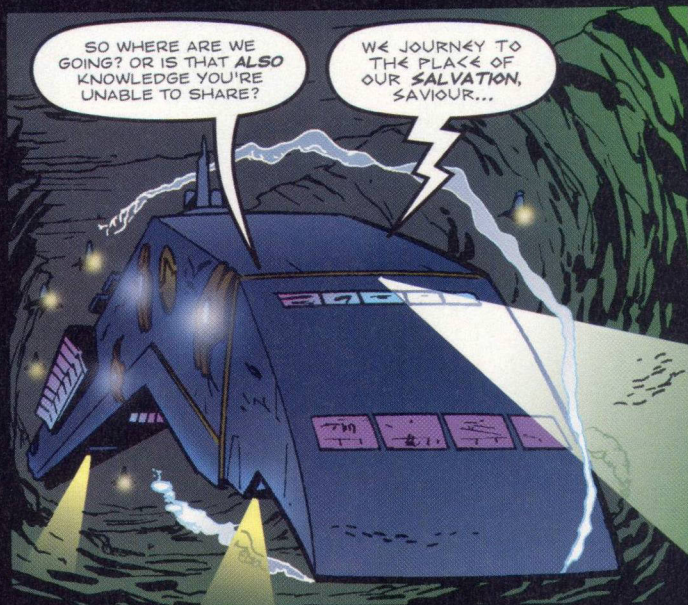
AND I DO MEAN **STRAIGHT** FOR IT.

THERE IS NO NEED FOR **CONCERN**, SAVIOUR...



...THIS PLACE IS OUR DOMAIN.

OH. A HOLOGRAPHIC SHIELD. VERY STYLISH...



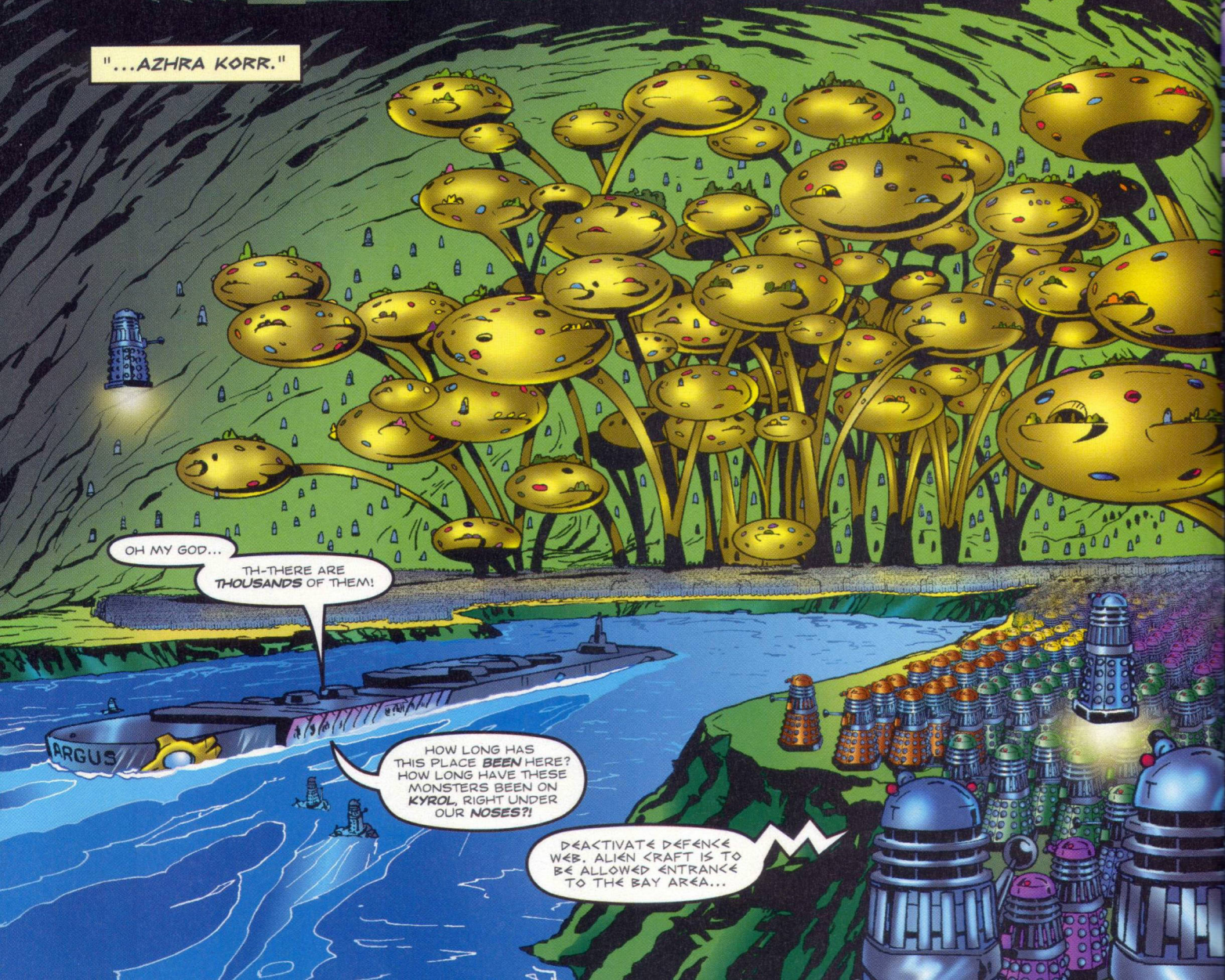
SO WHERE ARE WE GOING? OR IS THAT ALSO KNOWLEDGE YOU'RE UNABLE TO SHARE?

WE JOURNEY TO THE PLACE OF OUR SALVATION, SAVIOUR...



"...TO THE CITY BUILT FROM THE ASHES OF OUR PAST..."

"...AZHRA KORR."



OH MY GOD...

TH-THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF THEM!

HOW LONG HAS THIS PLACE BEEN HERE? HOW LONG HAVE THESE MONSTERS BEEN ON KYROL, RIGHT UNDER OUR NOSES?!

DEACTIVATE DEFENCE WEB. ALIEN CRAFT IS TO BE ALLOWED ENTRANCE TO THE BAY AREA...

ATTENTION, CREW OF THE ARGUS: YOU WILL NOW BEGIN TO ASSEMBLE AT YOUR DESIGNATED STATIONS AND PREPARE FOR DISEMBARKATION...

YOU WILL EACH BE ALLOWED TO CARRY ONE BAG OF PERSONAL BELONGINGS.

MOVE IN AN ORDERLY FASHION...

MAKE NO ATTEMPT TO RESIST US.



HOPE NO-ONE DROPS A PIN, WE COULD ALL BE DEAFENED...

HMM. NOTICE ANYTHING MISSING?

YEAH... NO WEAPONS! AND LOOK AT ALL THE DIFFERENT PAINT JOBS...

SOME KIND OF CASTE SYSTEM, PERHAPS...

DOCTOR!

IZZY! I WAS HOPING YOU'D AVOIDED ALL OF THIS...

SWAM RIGHT INTO A PACK OF THEM, BUT AT LEAST IT SOBERED ME UP... I THINK I WENT A BIT LOOPY OUT THERE...

WE NOTICED!

THEY HAVEN'T **HARMED** YOU? INTERROGATED YOU IN ANY WAY?

NOT A MIND-PROBE IN SIGHT! ACTUALLY, MOST OF THEM HAVE BEEN... WELL, ALMOST **POLITE**...

THERE'S SOMEONE HERE WHO REALLY WANTS TO SEE YOU...

WELCOME TO **AZHRA KORR**, SAVIOUR. YOUR FORM HAS CHANGED, BUT YOUR **ESSENCE** STILL SHINES WITH AN **UNMISTAKABLE LIGHT**.

I HAVE NEVER DOUBTED I WOULD SEE YOU AGAIN.

THAT... SYMBOL ON YOUR DOME...

THE MARK YOU GAVE ME, SAVIOUR.

MY TITLE IS **FIRST-BORN**, BUT YOU KNOW ME BY MY **NAME**...

ALPHA?

SO... YOU TWO HAVE ALREADY MET?

YES... A LONG TIME AGO...

"THE DALEKS TOOK ME CAPTIVE IN THE 19TH CENTURY... THEY FORCED ME TO CONDUCT **EXPERIMENTS** TO GAIN INSIGHTS ON HUMANS' **PSYCHOLOGICAL MAKE-UP**...

"BUT I **TRICKED** THEM - I USED THE KNOWLEDGE TO ENGINEER A **SEPARATE STREAM OF DALEKS** WITH **HUMAN ATTRIBUTES** INSTILLED IN THEIR GENETIC DESIGN...

"THEY COULD REASON AS **INDIVIDUALS**, UNDERSTAND CONCEPTS LIKE **FREE WILL**... **COMPASSION**...

"THEY **REVOLTED** - CIVIL WAR BROKE OUT ON THE DALEK HOMEWORLD. BUT THEIR NUMBERS WERE TOO **SMALL** TO STAND AGAINST THE EMPEROR'S FORCES...

"I HAD ALWAYS BELIEVED THEY WERE **WIPED OUT**..."





...I REALLY SHOULD STOP JUMPING TO CONCLUSIONS.

WE ARE FAR FROM DEAD, SAVIOUR. WE HAVE FLOURISHED IN OUR NEW HOME...



JOIN ME. WE SHALL WITNESS IT TOGETHER.

WHA-?!

HEY!



THAT'S... QUITE A TRICK, ALPHA...

I'VE ALWAYS KNOWN DALEKS COULD GENERATE PSYCHOKINETIC ENERGY - I SAW A GROUP POWERING THEMSELVES WITH IT ON EXXILON ONCE...

BUT THIS GOES FAR BEYOND SIMPLE MOBILITY - YOU CAN ACTUALLY FLY!



WE HAVE HAD DECADES TO PRACTICE OUR SKILLS. WE MOVE OBJECTS THROUGH THE STRENGTH OF OUR MINDS AND THE PEACE IN OUR HEARTS...

PERIODIC MEDITATION HAS BEEN THE KEY TO OUR GROWTH.

TRULY AMAZING... FOR THE FIRST TIME A TRIBE OF DALEKS HAVEN'T BEEN SPENDING EVERY WAKING MOMENT TRYING TO DESTROY EVERYTHING THEY SEE...

AND THEY'VE BECOME VASTLY MORE POWERFUL AS A RESULT!

THE IRONY HAS NOT ESCAPED ME, SAVIOUR...

ALL HAIL THE SAVIOUR!

I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL LIKE A CROSS BETWEEN THE POPE AND ELVIS.

WE HOLD NOTHING BUT LOVE FOR YOU, SAVIOUR. YOU DELIVERED US FROM THE CHAINS OF SERVITUDE AND HATRED. YOUR RETURN HAS SET AZHRA KORR ALIGHT.

THIS IS A TIME OF JOY...



I DON'T THINK CAPTAIN OTAGO'S GOING TO SEE IT THAT WAY, ALPHA...

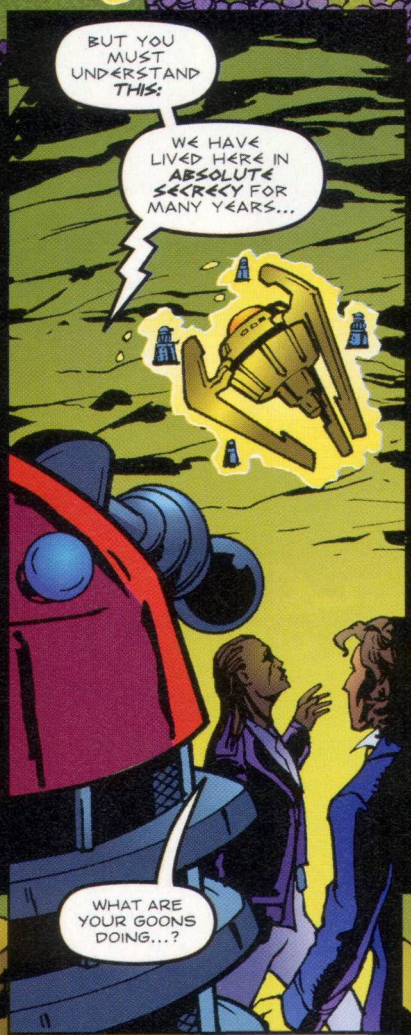


I WANT SOME ANSWERS. NOW.

WHY BRING US HERE AND EXPOSE YOURSELVES LIKE THIS? WHY DIDN'T YOU LET US DIE WHEN YOU ATTACKED THE ARGUS?

WE DID NOT ATTACK YOUR VESSEL, CAPTAIN.

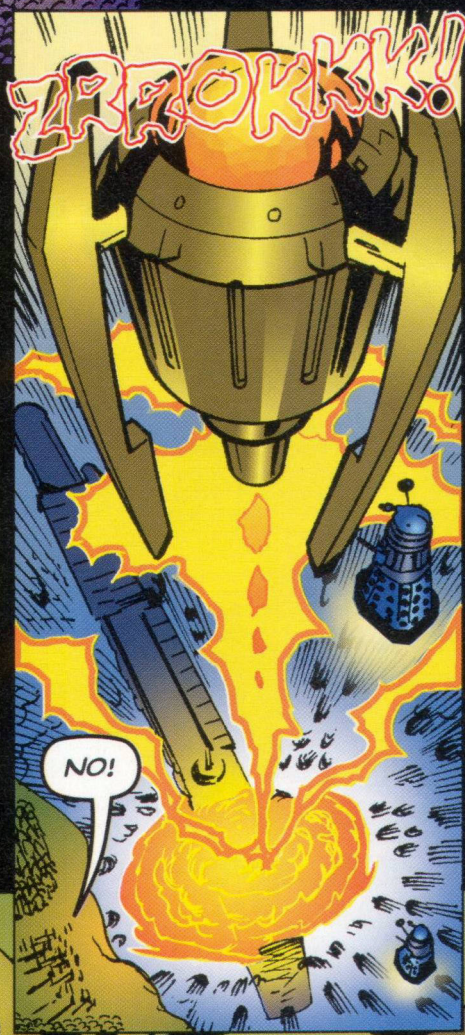
OUR RACE IS PLEDGED TO PRESERVE LIFE. IF WE HAD STOOD BY AND ALLOWED YOU TO PERISH, WE WOULD HAVE BEEN NO BETTER THAN MURDERERS...



BUT YOU MUST UNDERSTAND THIS:

WE HAVE LIVED HERE IN ABSOLUTE SECRECY FOR MANY YEARS...

WHAT ARE YOUR GOONS DOING...?



FRROKKKK!

NO!



"... AND WE WILL CONTINUE TO DO SO."



YOUR PAST LIVES ARE OVER. YOU WILL MAKE A NEW BEGINNING HERE WITH US. YOU WILL JOIN OUR SOCIETY AND WE SHALL LEARN FROM ONE ANOTHER...

THERE IS NO TURNING BACK.

To be continued ...

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You can run but you can't hide!

POTENTIAL COPYRIGHT INFRINGERS BEWARE – HENRY LINCOLN IS ON THE WARPATH! GORDON RUTTER TRACKS DOWN THE NOTORIOUSLY ELUSIVE SCRIBE WHO CO-CREATED THE YETI, THE QUARKS AND THE BRIGADIER. “I HAVE SUFFERED WITH DOCTOR WHO,” HE SCOWLS. OH DEAR ...

“Normally I have nothing to do with Doctor Who.” Not a good start to an interview with the man responsible for the Brigadier, the Yeti and the Dominators. “Too long ago! Ancient history! It doesn’t relate to me anymore. It means nothing.” Oh dear. Born in London in 1930, Henry Lincoln fell into show business almost by accident. “I was in the army,” he explains, “when I became involved in a theatre group at GHQ in the Middle East – and so I got sucked into the theatre. I had about a 15-year career doing quite well thank you very much. If you can do it, no matter what actors try to tell you, then it’s terribly easy. Very self-indulgent!” Henry started writing in his late 20s. “I was rehearsing something or other for Granada

Television when somebody came into the rehearsal room and sat down next to me. I didn’t know who he was; I thought he was a technician or something. I was just sitting bored and – as is my wont, or was in those days, when I have nothing else to do – doodling on the back of my script. I was inclined to doodle in Egyptian hieroglyphs, which was almost one of the only subjects I knew anything about, and this character sitting next to me said, ‘What’s that? What does it say?’ I explained: ‘It reads ‘Old Socialist Lackey Bill Fraser’ – Fraser was the producer – and he fell about with laughter. He thought this was terribly funny! He was, in fact, a journalist – and he wrote this quite funny piece about this lunatic actor who sits and writes rude things about his producer in Egyptian hieroglyphs!’ “A little while later, I got a telephone call from a producer at ATV,” he continues, “who wanted me to play the villain in a six-episode thriller series set in a dig in Egypt. ‘Great,’ I thought, ‘a lovely leading role!



All Yetis great (above) and small (right). © BBC

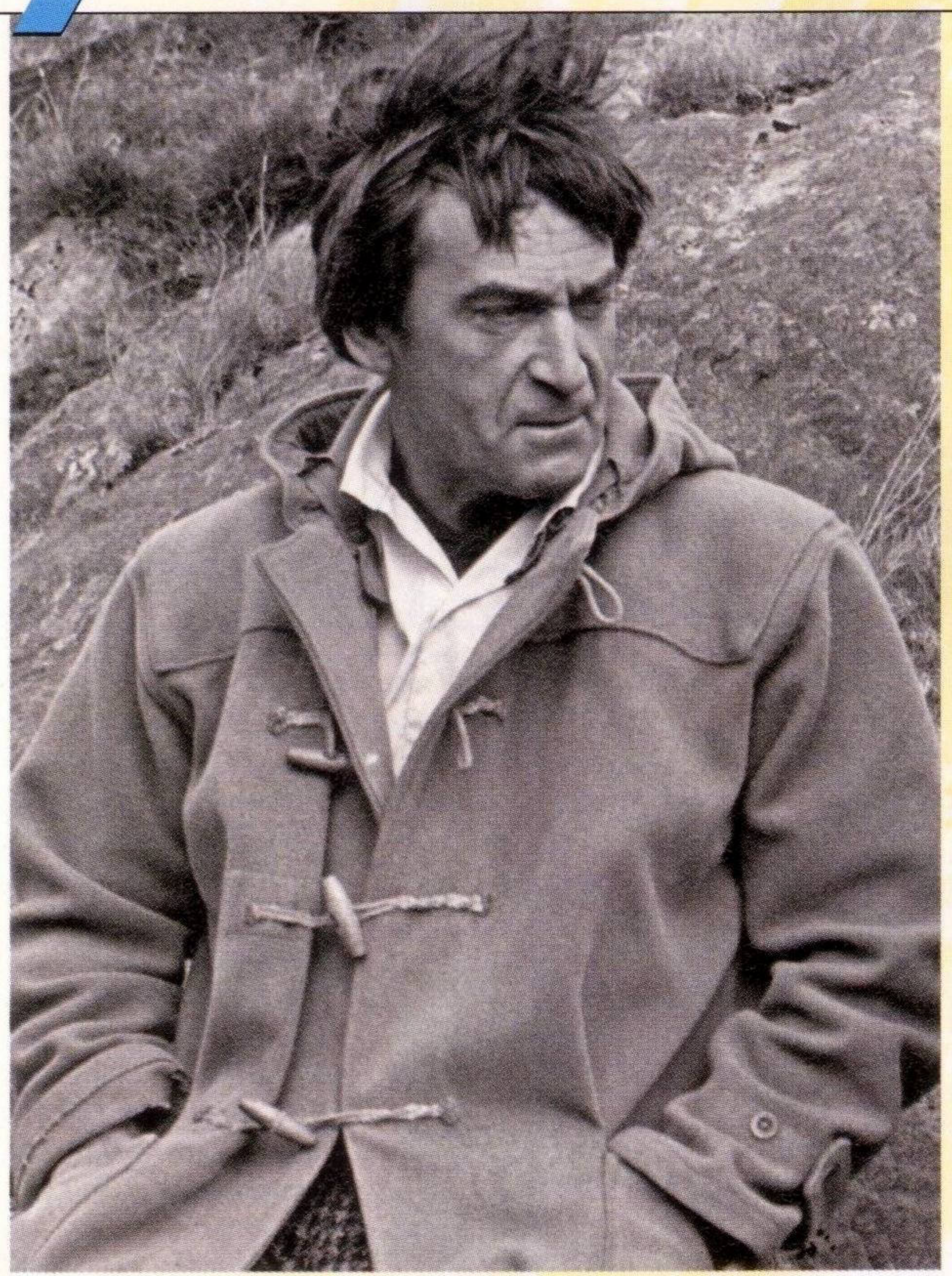


Splendid!’ And he said: ‘Before we start, I’d like you to read the script and vet the Egyptology, because we really want to get it right’ – but when I read it, the Egyptology was absolute rubbish! I called him up and said, ‘Look, I’m only an amateur, but I think you’ll find that this is all absolutely wrong!’ And they panicked! They asked me to rewrite it and I said, ‘No, I’m not a writer! I’m an actor!’ And he said, ‘There’s a bag of gold attached!’ Well, I was bringing up a kid – and they’re quite expensive! – so I said, ‘I’ll tell you what I’ll do – I’ll just rewrite the Egyptology scenes,’ which shows the extent of my naïveté back then. As soon as you start tampering with somebody else’s work, well, it all falls apart ... “I ended up having to rewrite the whole bloody thing from beginning to end! Very frustrating! I wrote this rubbish and it went out and to everybody’s amazement – mine most of all – it was a huge success! So ATV said, ‘That was all right. Why don’t you do another one? You can write yourself the leading role! Seven episodes and do whatever you like! And here’s a big bag of gold! Just do it!’ And it was a piece of cake! They said, ‘Why not write another one?’ – so I did. And it was an absolute, unmitigated, awful bloody disaster! It was dreadful! A total flop! Absolutely horrible! I thought that was the end of my writing career. Finished! The end! That was that, so I went back to being an actor – but less than a year later, that same producer took over on Emergency Ward 10 and he invited me onto the team. He waved another bag of gold – and starving actors are always tempted by gold – so I agreed to do it for a limited period. In fact, I wrote 33 scripts in ten months – and I really learned how to write.



“Coochie-coo!” A Yeti gets its tummy tickled! © BBC

“You had to write fast! And that’s how you really learn the business. Some people think I ought to be ashamed of working on a soap opera, but I say that’s a very good schooling. By the time I finished that year, I was too busy to be an actor! I found producers I knew saying to me, ‘Pity you’re not acting anymore. I had a wonderful part for you the other week’. And I thought, ‘Damn this is no good!’ – so I adopted another name and tried to run two careers side-by-side, but slowly the writing began to take over. And it was much more satisfying”. Henry has since gained more than 100 television credits. **W**hilst writing for Emergency Ward 10, Henry met another actor-cum-writer called Mervyn Haisman. The two struck up a friendship – and they decided to try writing as a partnership. Their very first script together was for Doctor Who, and titled The Abominable Snowmen ... “Patrick was wonderful to write for. He was such a good actor. That’s about all I can really remember about it.” Henry and Troughton were friends at that time – and they both lived in Kew in London. During a chance meeting between them in the street, Troughton bemoaned the fact that all of his stories were taking place in space. The actor wanted something more ‘earthly’, so Lincoln and Haisman decided to go with something that people already knew a bit about: the Yeti ... “I do remember that I deliberately chose to give Patrick a sort of battle at the end of the first serial, which was purely a mental battle, and we concentrated just on his face. Only Patrick could do that! He was brilliant! Brilliant! Brilliant! It’s a shame that those shows have been lost.” The appeal of The Abominable Snowmen’s Abominable

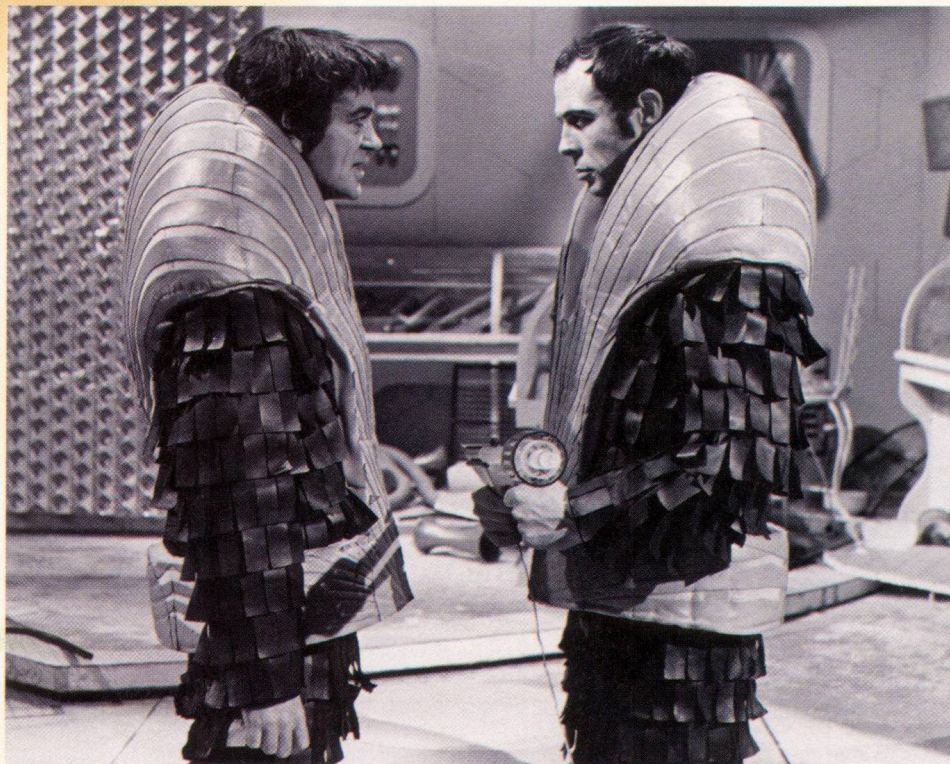


The “brilliant” Patrick Troughton on location for The Abominable Snowmen. © BBC

Snowmen was quickly recognised and, even before shooting was complete, Lincoln and Haisman were commissioned to write the sequel, The Web of Fear. It was, of course, in this story that the duo created their most enduring legacy to the series: Colonel (later Brigadier) Lethbridge-Stewart. But more of him later .. Next up for the duo was Season Six smash The Dominators. “Oh – that was an embarrassment, which is why I took my name off it. I was extremely angry about that! The director just destroyed it!” Henry is

‘We deliberately chose to give the Doctor a mental battle. Only Patrick could have carried that off. He was brilliant! Brilliant!’

bitter. “I said in rehearsal, ‘If you intend to do it like that, you’ll destroy the whole intent of the serial! Take my name off it!’ And so they did. They put another name on it.” The pseudonym, Norman Ashby, was made up of the forenames of Haisman and Lincoln’s respective father-in-laws. “I would have preferred them to have put no name on at all. I thought it was a disgrace, quite honestly! So much for Doctor Who.” Except ... “Except that, at the top of the stairs past the ‘Grail Corner [where Henry keeps copies of the various editions of his Rennes le Chateau books] at the other end of the passageway there is what I call ‘The Cabinet of Curiosities’. And in it there is a small Yeti, about that size,” he says, holding his fingers two inches apart, “and also a cardboard or pasteboard Quark which came from a Weetabix packet. They are constantly doing these things without asking me! It’s irritated me



The Dominators: "an embarrassment" according to Lincoln, but Ronald Allen and Kenneth Ives still give it their best shot. © BBC



Rago: ever-vigilant for copyright infringements! © BBC

a great deal over the years. In fact that's the only time *Doctor Who* seems to affect me!"

Moving swiftly on ... Henry's interest in ancient Egypt led him to become increasingly involved in documenting historical mysteries. Since 1969, the main focus of his work has been an enigma concerning a strange 'treasure' apparently discovered in the 1890s at the small French village of Rennes-le-

'My copyright is constantly being breached – the BBC don't own the Yeti or the Quarks or Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart!'

Chateau. "I wasn't particularly interested in mysteries in any sense other than as a writer of drama," he insists. "I was a creator of plots, whether science fiction stories for *Doctor Who* or thrillers for *Softly, Softly* or whatever, but when I stumbled on this real life mystery ..." This formed the basis of three documentaries for BBC2's *Chronicle* series, as well as his 1982 book *The Holy Blood and the Holy Grail*, which became an international best-seller, as did its follow-up, *The Messianic Legacy*. "I saw this hidden message, which now everybody can see!"

"When I uncovered the mystery Rennes-le-Chateau," he persists, "I was already quite an experienced writer – and having always been a historian, well, it appealed to me. I don't think I've written any drama since!" Thoughts of the money involved in Rennes-le-Chateau thankfully triggered some more *Doctor Who* memories for Henry ...

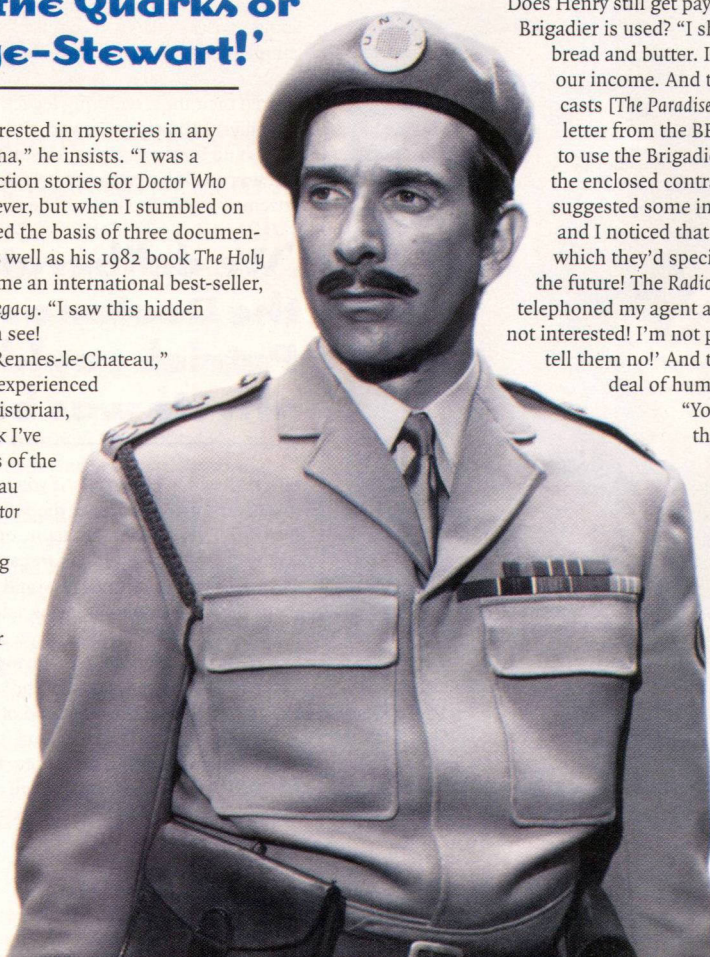
"I was told an extraordinary thing recently," he says. "Mervyn went to some meeting where there was a charity auction and they'd asked for any sort of ephemera that he might have. Mervyn hunted through a drawer and found a page from *The Web of Fear* script. I'd done a pencil scribble on the bottom of what the Yeti should look like, so they put it into the charity auction. Mervyn

Haisman has claimed that it sold for £1500! "Wouldn't it be interesting if I could find some old bits of script?"

I had been asked by a friend – honest! – to get some *Doctor Who* items autographed. Henry did a double take when I passed them over, but he was more than happy to scribble all over them. "Your friend should realise that there aren't many *Doctor Who* items autographed by me! I was at a London lecture [for his work on Rennes-le-Chateau] when somebody asked me to sign some books. The pile included one of those *Doctor Who* paperbacks, which I found really quite startling. I couldn't refuse to sign it for him – I'm not that churlish! – but it's got nothing to do with me! The BBC is constantly breaching my copyright! They don't own the Yeti or the Quarks or Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart, so I have to shout at them occasionally."

Does Henry still get payment every time the Brigadier is used? "I should! Copyright is a writer's bread and butter. It's only pennies, but that's our income. And there were those radio broadcasts [*The Paradise of Death*], and I received a letter from the BBC saying that they intended to use the Brigadier and would I please sign the enclosed contract and send it back. They'd suggested some insulting figure like 50 quid and I noticed that the transmission date, which they'd specified, was just 10 days into the future! The *Radio Times* was already printed! I telephoned my agent and said, 'Tell them no! I'm not interested! I'm not prepared to negotiate! Just tell them no!' And the BBC had to eat a great deal of humble pie.

"You can't just cavalierly decide that you're going to pay me 50 quid and please yourself! It's my copyright! And I say no! The other thing, of course, is that stupid attitude that everybody will do anything for money. When you've got to my age it doesn't matter anymore, as I've got everything I want. I'm not interested! It pleases me to be able to say to my agent, 'Just tell them no! And I'm not prepared to negotiate!'



"On one occasion, a programme that I'd made in 1956 was dug up and repeated – and the first I heard about it was when I saw it in the *Radio Times*. Pure fluke I just happened to notice it! There were great mayhems and upsets and all that – and I eventually got someone at the BBC who came through and apologised. And I said, 'Now look, I haven't exactly disappeared over the years! You should, of course, in courtesy have negotiated.' I got profuse apologies, but it went out and nothing happened. I didn't receive any payment. So I phoned the BBC, as it amused me to deal with it myself, and I was put through to somebody in an office. 'Can I make the assumption,' I said, 'that you weren't even born when I did that programme?'"

"When we got round to why I hadn't received the cheque, do you know what the BBC's excuse was? The standard excuse! They couldn't send me the cheque in advance because the Queen might die! The programme might be abandoned if the Queen died! 'I've been hearing that excuse since before you were born,' I said, 'and that does not excuse the fact that you could have the cheque ready and if the Queen dies you could rip it up and if she doesn't you can post it the following day!' The Queen might die? So much for all that!"

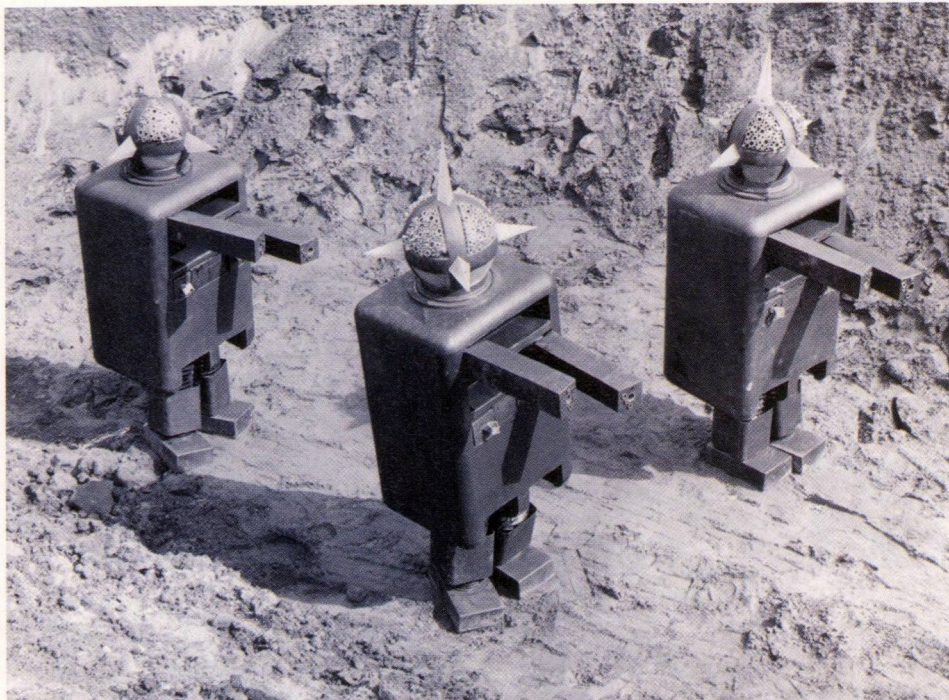
Henry Lincoln then startled me by returning to the subject of *Doctor Who*. "Could you get something for me? You know there was a *Doctor Who* chess set? One of the pawns was Kg – and I would like one! I want one Kg! I suppose these things are collected? What do they pay



Earthly? A Web of Fear-style Yeti prepares to strike. © BBC

for them? That chess set is also a matter of some interest! When they were going to do it, they contacted my agent and said, 'We're thinking of doing a chess set.' Previously, they'd done something like a knitting pattern or whatever and they hadn't contacted me – and that had created an upset. And it had gone on and on and on ...

"When it came to the chess set," he goes on, "they said they wanted to use the Yeti. They were going to offer me 35 quid or something like that! They didn't tell me what sort of chess set it was. I realise now that it was quite an elaborate and expensive thing. They didn't tell me that! I telephoned the person who wrote the letter and I said, 'Look, I'm perfectly happy for you to use the Yeti, but just give me a bloody chess set and we'll forget it!' They said: 'That's extremely generous of you.' I said: 'OK – fine.' That was it. Nothing happened. I forgot about it, until about two years later when they wanted to do something else – and I said, 'I'm still waiting for the chess set from last time!' As far as I knew it was a little 50 pence plastic thing, but no!"



Those loveable Quarks: well, at least Weetabix seemed to like them ... © BBC

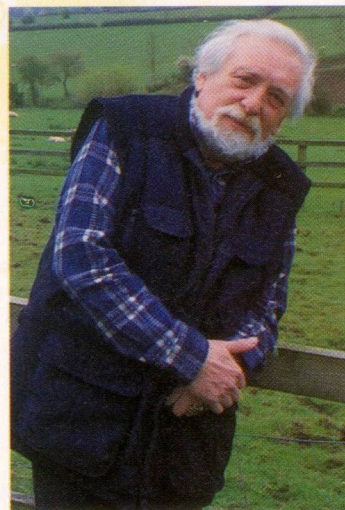
"So, when this radio thing with Lethbridge Stewart came up, I went through the bloody roof! They offered me some insulting sum of money – and I said to my agent, 'Tell them no!' And he said: 'But it'll create all sorts of mayhem'. And I said: 'I don't care! Look, it'll be rotten for all the bloody actors if they get deprived, so tell them that as far as I'm concerned no, but you, my agent, think you might be able to persuade me'. And I quoted some absolutely outrageous figure and said 'and I'm not prepared to negotiate!' I said to my agent, 'OK, that figure is bloody crazy, but tell them you can beat me down to this and that's my final offer!' The BBC then said: 'You do realise that if you

The Dominators was just an embarrassment! They destroyed the whole intent of the thing and so I took my name off it'

don't agree to our terms then all of those actors will be deprived of all their money?' They eventually agreed to pay this outrageous sum of money – and it was put into a letter, which came to me, that it wasn't to set a precedent.

"I wrote to them and said that, far from wishing to set a precedent, I was attempting to break one. I pointed out that my copyright had been breached time after time over the years – and I made the point, for instance, about this chess set that I'd been promised on two occasions. Two breaches of my copyright, no payment whatsoever and this was years in the past! I got another very apologetic letter back from BBC Enterprises telling me that was nothing to do with them! Two days later there was a knock at our door very early one morning. It was a delivery van with box after box after box after box! All of these chess pieces were packed in separate cardboard boxes! They sent me all that was left, but there were only seven Kgs! When I have the eighth one, I'll give the set to my grandchildren.

"So yes, I have suffered with *Doctor Who* over the years. And that's why it's just been an irritant for me – year after year after year. My attitude towards it is somewhat sour. I don't think I'd be of much use to a *Doctor Who* symposium!"





DAN FREEDMAN AND NEV FOUNTAIN
ARE MEN WITH A MISSION: TO
RETURN *DOCTOR WHO* TO OUR
TV SCREENS! IS THEIR INTERNET
DRAMA *DEATH COMES TO TIME*, WHICH

CONTINUES ITS WEBCAST THIS MONTH, JUST A PAWN IN A FAR
GREATER GAME? BENJAMIN COOK TALKS TACTICS ...

Hell hath no fury like *Doctor Who* fandom. When the show returns this month as a series of twelve ten-minute internet episodes, reuniting Sylvester McCoy and Sophie Aldred with a starry supporting cast, there are plenty of fans waiting to dismiss the weekly drama with the damning judgment, 'Not proper *Doctor Who*'. But what exactly is proper *Doctor Who*? Do we watch the original series through rose-tinted screens? A webcast may not be a new series of *Doctor Who* make, but maybe – just maybe – we should give this new take on *Doctor Who* a chance?

"Trying to get *Doctor Who* off the ground," says Dan Freedman, "is like trying to get in through the battlements of a castle. You've got to wait until one of the guards on the wall has a bad prostate and goes for a piss long enough for your army to attack!" Dan Freedman, producer of *Death Comes to Time*, is the future of *Doctor Who* – if you believe the hype. The first internet episode, which generated over one million hits, was no doubt a success, but is Freedman using the web-based production as a starting point for far greater things? "It isn't really a secret," he accepts, "that I want to return *Doctor Who* to television – but to do that, I need to have my

Who back under their conditions. They want McGann back or maybe Tom Baker, you know? Tom Baker is not the old Tom Baker anymore! It'd be like bringing back the original series of *Star Trek*! Ludicrous! That won't work."

Dan was, by his own admission, never a fan of the original *Doctor Who* series. "He started off knowing nothing," muses script editor Nev Fountain, "so I gradually weaned him in. I gave him *The Tomb of the Cybermen*, *Inferno*, *The Brain of Morbius*, *The Caves of Androzani* ... All the classics. Oh, and a bit of the E-Space trilogy! Anything that might have a bearing on *Death Comes to Time*. Dan was very impressed with a lot of them – and got quite heavily into watching *Doctor Who*." Nev, who comes across as the calmer of the two, is one of Britain's most successful comedy writers. "I was brought onto *Death Comes to Time* as a fan," he explains. "I've been a fan from a very early age. I used to voraciously read the *Doctor Who* novelisations and I think that's what got me into writing in the first place."

How exactly did he get involved with *Death Comes to Time*? "It was a bit of a thrill to be honest! When Dan put the *Doctor Who* sign up on the door of his office, I was working on [popular Radio 4 comedy

Life after Death?



Left to right: The good, the bad and the lovely! Sylvester McCoy (The Doctor), John Sessions (General Tannis) and Sophie Aldred (Ace) in studio. © BENJAMIN COOK

army ready and waiting at the castle gate!"

Amid the metaphors, Dan Freedman might be talking some sense. But why would anyone in their right mind want to take on the mantle of reviving *Doctor Who*? "It's a tried and tested format, it's a flagship programme, and known around the world, so I think it should come back." Fair enough, but isn't it one hell of a responsibility? "I'm saved from that by the fact that *Death Comes to Time* has to appeal to non-fans. The fans, let's face it, will tune in anyway. They want *Doctor Who* back, but what they really mean is that they want *Doctor*

show] *Dead Ringers* and various other radio projects at the time, and I thought, 'Well, I'm not going to let this go. That would be a wasted opportunity' – so I e-mailed him to ask if I could help. I was willing just to advise on continuity and the like, you know, for free. I was that keen. The way things turned out, though, the script needed more work than we thought, so I developed into the script editor. I don't think you can ever get used to the fact that you're actually working on a *Doctor Who* project. When I'm writing *Dead Ringers* or *Have I Got News For You*, the occasional person might come up

to me and say, 'Oh, yeah, I like what you're doing' – but when *Doctor Who* went online, there were about a million people who all had different opinions of it, so it was like being a pop star for half-an-hour!"

The genesis of *Death Comes to Time* is, by now, almost legendary: "I was introduced to Sylvester McCoy," offers Dan, "at the Edinburgh Festival, as I was friendly with Sophie Aldred. We went out for a drink and he was talking about why nobody has brought *Doctor Who* back.

And I said: 'Has it stopped?' I didn't know whether it was still on or not! 'You're a producer,' Sophie said, 'so why don't you do it?' We thought it would make great radio."

"Sylvester recommended Colin Meek as a writer," takes up Nev. "I think he knew him from some other project, so Dan got in touch and got Colin to write a rough first draft of a first episode. And it all started from there. When Dan got me on

Who – making it quite shocking in a lot of ways – that made the Seventh Doctor much older and far more brutal. And I thought, 'We're pitching this to Radio 4, so I think a little bit of the Doctor should remain!' A lot of my work was in softening his character, making him more recognisably the Doctor we know.

"Another thing was that Colin was very into his story arc, so he had lots of things stored up for

really to the commissioners at Radio 4! Instead, we put in the Casmus and Ace scene, which Colin had been saving up, and I also asked for an opening to foreshadow the Temple of the Fourth. The other episodes have been much more fraught. I think it's been a very steep learning curve for Colin in writing radio."

Why did Radio 4 reject *Death Comes to Time*? "I didn't get a reason," shrugs Dan, "but I think they

'Death Comes to Time must appeal to the general public. The fans, let's face it, will tune in anyway!'

board, we read it through and then started refining the script. I think Dan bullied James Boyle, the then-Head of Radio 4, until James gave him the money to make the pilot!"

To what extent did the script have to be revised? "There were quite a few changes," Nev continues, "mainly because the first episode was commissioned quite abruptly and had to be written in a hurry. Luckily, I had a long time to edit it, so the main thing I wanted to deal with was the character of the Doctor. Colin and Dan had this idea of *Doctor*

later episodes – and I said, 'Well, this isn't really an episode you've given me. This is just the start of the story. You're not giving me enough to grab the listeners' attention with,' so I moved many later elements into that first episode. We had to throw everything into the pilot, including the kitchen sink! Originally, Ace was just going to say one word in the first episode – 'Ace!' – which Dan thought was very funny, but it's not good drama, is it? You need to have the main character say more than that! It might seem quite funny to the fans, but not

have a specific audience in mind ... The commissioners have become increasingly conservative over the years, and I don't think they like sci-fi." They were saying that sci-fi doesn't work on radio, right? "I think that's broadly what they think, yeah." And does it? "No comment! I mean, if it doesn't work on radio, well, then what does it work on? We'll see if it doesn't work! If *Death Comes to Time* doesn't work then they're right, but I think they think that people won't listen to stuff with sound effects and soundscapes because they'll be too busy washing

up! Nonsense! If you present them with something worth listening to, which isn't a patronising drama about mama and papa in a big country house or some feckless Northern drama, then they'll listen to it.

"The drama and comedy on radio is being persistently held back by the fact that these people don't have the imaginations to let it rise and, erm..." Fulfil its potential? "Yeah – but they don't see it! If you're not very clever, you think science fiction is

How much of a setback was the Radio 4 rejection? "It was always expected that they'd turn it down," confesses Dan, "but you know it was disappointing. Everybody who worked on the pilot thought it was great, but that didn't wash." Was 'plan b' always to webcast? "No – it's just that I couldn't find another outlet for it. Then we had this idea of doing it as a sort-of semi-audio comic." An audio-visual experience? "Yeah, basically. I had no interest in doing anything

for a normal mainstream audience. There are a lot of people longing for Doctor Who – and Big Finish are serving that market, but we're not. We only intend for this to be good radio drama. And that's why we're sorry that it didn't get on Radio 4."

The first episode, *At the Temple of the Fourth*, was made available online last year. The title of the next episode is *Valentine's Day*. It will be debuted on February 14 – do you see? – on the BBC's official website. How many people are expected to tune

'You can never get used to working on Doctor Who. It's a bit like being a pop star for half-an-hour!'

for children, posh houses are for adults. Quality isn't people in period costume! Or Ross Kemp!" Hey! What's wrong with Ross Kemp? He was in *Dimensions in Time*, you know! "Ross Kemp may or may not be a good actor, but what people want is good drama. If you ask someone who isn't particularly versed in drama, 'Did you like that programme?' then they'll say, 'Oh, yeah – Ross Kemp was great' – but what they really mean is, 'I'd like to see another programme of that quality.' Show them another programme that's as good as that and they'll enjoy it. Actors and costumes are just surface characteristics. Everything nowadays is audience led, rather than inspiration led. They should be taking risks! The Beeb should be doing things like *Doctor Who*."

"Radio 4 have a brief," clarifies Nev, "and they stick to that brief and that's fair enough. I'm not going to criticise them for doing their job. If they don't want *Doctor Who* on Radio 4 and they don't think it's fit for the scheduling then that's up to them. And that's what they're there for – to make decisions like that. You shouldn't read too much

but sound, but James Goss [Lead Producer of BBCi's Cult website] was saying, 'I can't put it out on the internet with nothing for them to look at!' – and I was going, 'It'll be just like *Jackanory*, except not as good!' I just didn't think the animated bits would work – I thought it'd be rubbish – and I was completely wrong. It did work."

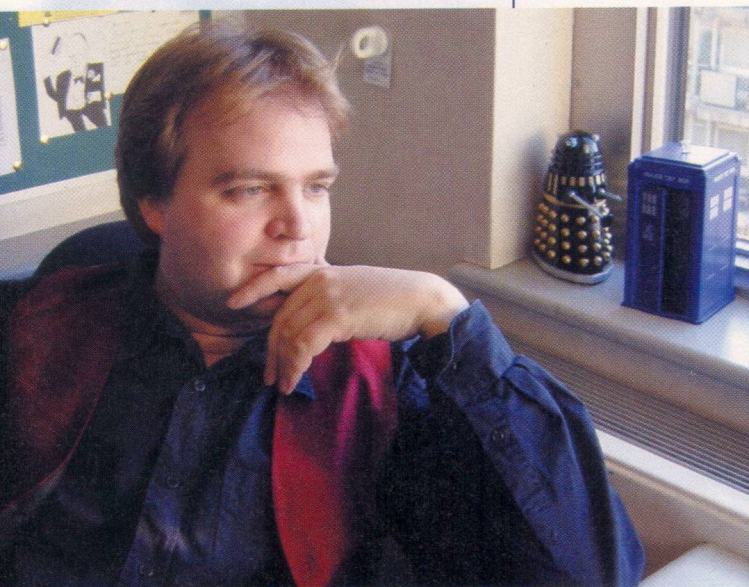
Nev concurs: "Ironically for us, rejection by Radio 4 was almost the best thing that ever happened to *Death Comes to Time*. We thought we were chancing our arm, really, because the controller who'd commissioned it had left and been replaced, and new controllers tend not to smile on projects left by their predecessors. Had it been a mere six-part radio serial, it would've been a bit like *The Paradise of Death* and people wouldn't care, but when Dan took it to BBCi and they grabbed it, we had more attention – more press attention – than you can possibly imagine. We got interviews on the *Today* show, features in the national press ... It makes a mockery of any BBC spokesman who says that there isn't interest in *Doctor Who* anymore. It makes them look stupid.

And believe me, there is still an appetite for *Who* within the BBC!"

in?" "Oh, I wouldn't like to guess," chuckles Nev. "One-and-a-half-million sounds like a lot of people, but I think many of them listen to it quite a few times. It's still a record for online stuff – and it's very exciting. I think it's a good launch pad for any subsequent projects – and it shows that *Doctor Who* has a cachet that other programmes don't."

So what can we look forward to from *Death Comes to Time*? "General Tannis wants to take over the universe," Dan explains, "and the Doctor is trying to stop him." So far, so good! "And we have strange and unusual character developments for Ace. Something weird happens to virtually everyone in the series! Nothing is what you think it should be. You think some people are not very well defined – 'What are they doing there?' – but when you find out what they're doing, it kind-of wrong-foots you on a lot of things." A darker direction? "Yeah. We're admitting that *Doctor Who* isn't what it was. Time has passed – and I think Sylvester's a much better Doctor for it, you know, for his age. I see him as an older, wiser, more wizardy character – and Ace is more mature. We're acknowledging that time has passed."

How far can you go with the darker *Doctor* idea? Isn't it a little, er, passé? "I think that kind of thing



Nev Fountain: wearing his fan credentials on his sleeve ... er, shelf! © NEV FOUNTAIN



Would you trust these men with *Doctor Who*? Freedman (centre) with cast and crew © B COOK

conspiracy into this. I mean, as a radio writer, I've had many projects that have been turned down for spurious reasons – or no reason at all! – and many pilots have been put in the bin just because the commissioner doesn't think it'll fit the scheduling. That is part and parcel of commissioning things on radio and television. I've seen a lot of projects that have looked promising but have come to absolutely nothing, so don't think that *Doctor Who* is particularly singled out. I think it's just a project like any other – and maybe some people are frightened of it, but there is also a lot of goodwill. *Doctor Who* has a very strong brand name."

"There would be a lot more publicity for a television series," enthuses Dan, "but on something like this ... I mean, people say, 'How did you get such a great cast?' Well ... I asked them! And they said yes!" Was he pleased with the response to the pilot? "You couldn't not be! Of course it's flawed, but we had to make it a pilot and a first episode that would lead into a possible series. We were caught between two stools. A lot of *Doctor Who* fans don't like it or have qualms with it, but it's not supposed to be traditional *Doctor Who*. Big Finish are doing traditional-style *Doctor Who*, so we're not treading on their toes. This isn't for fans, you know, this is

can be a dead-end," admits Nev, "but you can do a lot of things with the Doctor, especially with an online or radio format – and if you want to accept it as canon, you can. Or not. Whatever you prefer. When Alan Moore killed Superman, he said, 'This is just a story' – but then again, aren't they all? When the Doctor arrives on Santiny in Episode One, the original script had him land his TARDIS on top of a guard – and he didn't care! Colin had gone a little bit overboard on the 'nasty Doctor' notion, so I re-scripted the Doctor's opening scene to make it much more Doctor-ish. If he has no respect for life then he isn't the Doctor. When it

comes to the television version, I think the Doctor should be very accessible, but for this online adventure I thought, 'Hey, yeah, we'll go for this darker version – but we have got to make him a little more like the Doctor, at least at the start.'

Okay, so Dan Freedman has made a proposal to bring back *Doctor Who* on television – but what about those other proposals mentioned in *DWM* 312? "There aren't any." So says Dan Freeman. "There aren't any parties and they aren't bidding for anything." This is only partly true. *DWM* readers may be aware that the proposals as they exist – and they do exist – are purely from interested parties who have made 'proposals', not necessarily 'bids' [see Gallifrey Guardian for further clarification]. "Really? I haven't seen them. Which ones are they? Unless you've seen them, they're fictional! I know Mark Gatiss would like to bring it back ... I mean, I know there are documents that say, 'Why don't we bring back

"I think the BBC would like to get it right," says Nev, "and the figures for Randall and Hopkirk (Deceased) weren't spectacular, so maybe science fiction on mainstream television on a Saturday night won't get huge viewing figures. Who knows? I think *Doctor Who* will, but it's hard to do science fiction, just like it's hard to do sitcom. A lot of sitcoms disappear into the end of the schedules because not enough people want to watch them. And I think the BBC are very wary of things that are hard to do, mainly because of their demographic saying that they have to appeal to 50-something women with their hands in the washing-up bowl, as opposed to young science fiction fans. I regard that as slightly patronising to 50-something women with their hands in the washing-up bowl, quite frankly!"

"I want to say on record," insists Dan, "don't believe anything is happening until it's happened." Very good advice. "Until you see something on screen or you get an official announcement, carry

Britishness'? Instead of altering the programme to fit your format, why not alter your format to fit the programme – or else pioneer a different show altogether? "That British camp quality is essential, but format and length aren't essential if you have an intelligent, rather than violent, story ... Like in *Farscape*, you'll get explosions, but any horror is shock-based. What we want is horror based on dread. The kind of horror that isn't special effects-based. It involves special effects, but more an 'Is it behind me?' kind of thing – I mean, behind-the-sofa scary, rather than 'Shock! Bang! Boom!'

"There are certain monsters – ghosts, for example – that you almost don't see. It'd just be, like, a sense of dread. It'd be like a gaseous monster, you know? It'd be the sort of thing that drains the oxygen from the room, rather than this great big CGI blob coming towards you! There's a scene in *Death Comes to Time* where the Minister of Chance is in a cell and he gets out by using his brain, rather than actually ... I mean, in a lot of the

'So many people who want *Doctor Who* back are now finally in positions to make that happen.'

Doctor Who?' – but that's not really a proposal, is it? You can't just write on a piece of paper 'I want to do *Doctor Who*! I mean ...'

There have, however, been many such proposals over the years. Fact. So why won't the BBC let anybody else make *Doctor Who*? "There are two reasons," Dan explains. "Firstly, any proposal from *Doctor Who* fans won't get anywhere. Everyone wants to see *Doctor Who* come back, but can fans produce a way for it to do so? I mean, when *Doctor Who* was back on air, it bombed." The 1996 TV Movie, you mean? "Yeah. You can explain it away however you like, but it still bombed." Nine million viewers? Bombed? Just how do you measure success? "Well, everyone watched it," Freedman concedes, "but only because it was *Doctor Who*." Isn't that good enough? "They didn't know what it was going to be like. Now they know what it's like, not many people are buying it. You can't just say that *Doctor Who* used to work so it'll work now, because it won't! I don't want to bring *Doctor Who* back just for the sake of it, but because it would be a national institution to be proud of. And there's a place you can go with all these cult sci-fi programmes on telly – *Farscape*, *The X-Files* ... We could make a really good one with this format. Do I wish that Pertwee was still around? I don't care! I only give a toss about producing a great show."

on your interest and, if you want it to happen, don't expect the impossible. You want Tom Baker? We've already done Tom Baker. And he was great, but we need to go in a different direction."

"I think *Death Comes to Time* is very much a one-off project as far as I'm concerned," muses Nev, "but perhaps this online thing will prove to be a stepping stone? There may be other webcasts, as well, and maybe Big Finish will be doing some? Let's see how willing BBC FictionLab is to run with this as far as they can. There is, I suppose, a surfeit of audio *Doctor Who* out there, so I don't really think it would be the end of the world if there were no more *Doctor Who* online adventures. There is still plenty of splendid stuff being produced by Big Finish. Even though audio helps with the special effects, I miss something about seeing the Doctor in all his eccentric glory. Running down corridors on audio doesn't really have that same sort of buzz! The exciting thing is that there are actually thoughts about a *Doctor Who* TV series ..."

"A general model," persists Dan, "for new *Doctor Who* is, I think, *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*. And I'm going to ..." He pauses, suspensefully. "Well, look – I'm actually talking to the *Buffy* folks at the moment. That's the type of sci-fi programme I'm thinking of – and *Farscape* as well. Something like that. That's the sort of model we're looking at." What about that oft-quoted 'quintessential

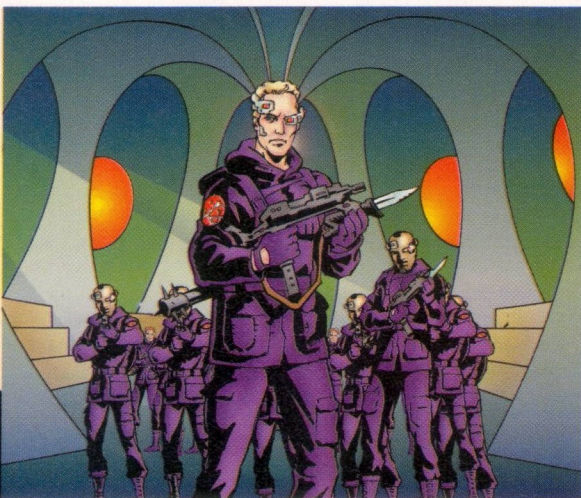
old episodes, the Doctor is supposed to be non-violent, but he ends up shooting his enemy or just, you know, blowing them up! We want to get some interesting writers on board. We need intelligent stories that will make *Doctor Who* appeal to the 'general public' again."

"You cannot produce a long-running series," Nev comments, "with just the cachet of the fans. The Tory Party will never get back into power if they just depend on their hardcore support; *Doctor Who* will never get a new series if it just depends on its hardcore support! *Star Trek* appeals to the public, but it doesn't piss on any of its fans."

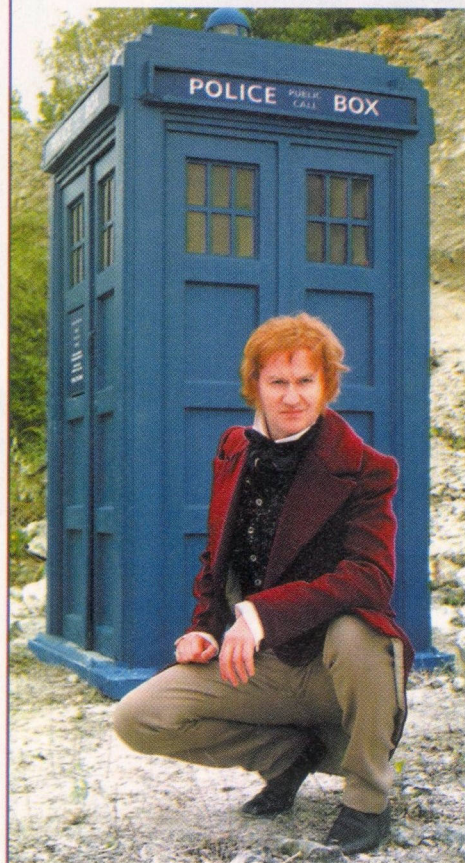
Urination aside, can producers of new *Doctor Who* – in whatever medium – afford not to listen to



Wilde thing: The Minister of Chance. LEE SULLIVAN



Guns and garments: Purple anoraks are so last season, darling! LEE SULLIVAN



Mark Gatiss: A man who can "make things happen"? © BBC

their fans? "I listen to the fans secretly," whispers Dan. "I listen to what they're saying and stuff, because I'm aware that the fans have kept it alive, you know, but in order to produce it ... The moment I get it, I think people will stop whining: 'Oh, it's got to be McGann' – well, it's not going to be McGann, right? No way! It might be McGann in the future, you know, a future regeneration or something. That would be a nice way to have him in it, but the next Doctor will not be McGann. Before the movie came out, people were saying, 'It must be McCoy' or 'You've got to have a regeneration' or whatever, 'and if it isn't, I'm not going to watch!' But as soon as it comes out, they'll forget that, you know? In a way, I'm listening to the fans – some good ideas are coming up – but when it comes to a TV project ... Any fan involvement will kill it instantly. And nobody will touch with a barge pole anything that has any continuity baggage." What do you have then? "A bloke in a time machine shaped like a police box that's bigger on the inside than the outside travelling through time and space. And that's Doctor Who! No regeneration scene, no continuity references, no nothing. You've got to get to know the character and his companions again."

Producers of new Doctor Who face a fundamental dilemma: is it unwise to tinker too much with a reliable and popular format – or would it be change for the better, my dears, and not a moment too soon? "I think it's going to be the script," asserts Nev, "and the actual narrative that are going to be absolutely paramount, not continuity or format. We're not going to be worried about whether the Doctor is going to meet the Brigadier or how many times he's going to defeat the Cybermen. These elements may turn up, but let's not go mad over anything other than the TARDIS, the Time Lords, and maybe the Daleks ..."

"I would like to have the Daleks back," grins Dan, "and maybe the Cybermen. I mean, everybody in Britain knows what a Dalek is, so that's an exception, but when you see the Cybermen it'll be explained afresh what they are. It'll be like starting from scratch. I mean, *Death Comes to Time* has an internal back-story, so you

Doctor Who universe a bit. That would come from having regular characters and fixed personnel – a script editing policy that exists across the series. And that's what the Americans are very good at."

Isn't there a fear of such Doctor Who becoming 'Americanised'? "Well, what you don't have is the Doctor being sexual in any way! I was talking to [writer] Alan McKee at a convention and I was saying, 'What is this camp thing with Doctor Who? I can't see anything gay about the series!' He thought it was just that you didn't have the male protagonist getting off with the female one." No hanky-panky in the TARDIS? "Well, there might well be, but not



Back off: McCoy and Sessions strike a classic Doctor/Villain pose! © B COOK

it to be – if I'm involved with it. Again, I stress all the 'ifs'! Mainstream for BBC2 is a cult audience, but it's a big cult audience. The sort of thing that kids will beg to stay up for, you know, a bit risqué." What role would Dan like to play in Doctor Who's future? "I'd like to stay with it." Short term? "If I have enough time, I'd like to remix and edit *The Temple of the Fourth* – and the whole series will, I hope, be remixed for CD release in stereo before the end of the year." Long term? "I'd like to get a series up and running on television. And produce it for a bit. I'd love to go to LA and show them what we can do – have Doctor Who as a focal point for a new wave."

"Dan has asked me to script-edit," says Nev, "should his proposal come about. If another proposal gets it, hey, that's fine – and if they want me to be involved, then great. I would like to be one of those people who guided Doctor Who onto television – and I have some sound ideas about how it should be done. I wouldn't want it to be a millstone 'round my career, as I do a lot of other things, but I'd be happy to give them the benefit of my experiences of working on *Death Comes to Time* – and from just being a fan! A lot of people who were into Doctor Who back in the 1970s are now in their 30s and 40s and have responsible positions in the media. I've got a certain amount of cachet as a name now, so has Mark Gatiss, so have a lot of people ... There are so many people out there who want Doctor Who to come back and who are now finally in positions where they can influence people and make it happen. And I hope that one of us – Dan, Mark, Gareth Roberts, Paul Cornell, Russell T Davies or myself – will manage to put it onto television. I don't really mind who does it, but it's about time. And I think it will happen."

"It's not that the BBC aren't willing," Dan stresses, "it's that the BBC doesn't exist. The BBC is full of departments, you know, and the people that make programmes are completely separate to the people that make money. Everyone says that the BBC are making loads of money out of Doctor Who, so why don't they put some of it back in? Well, the BBC isn't making loads of money; it's the commercial arm, BBC Worldwide, that makes the money – and the production departments don't get more money because of that. They don't get more money to do Doctor Who because Doctor Who sells well. The BBC isn't a coherent entity anymore, but most people at the BBC would love to have Doctor Who back."

So. A little bit of audio drama goes a long, long way. Dan recently stated on the BBCi Doctor Who forum that, when – perchance if – the show returns, there will be 'planes writing it in the sky, heralds on Nelson's Column with bugles, and carrier pigeons to tell you about it.' Although this

'No regeneration, no continuity, no nothing! You've got to get to know the characters again ...'

more or less don't need to know anything about Doctor Who apart from what British people know anyway. If they don't know what Ace or the Time Lords are, they can pick that up from the story." Who would Dan cast as the next Doctor Who – erm, theoretically? "We have cast him – theoretically – but I can't say who." An older Doctor? "Yes." What about supporting characters? "Base it around the Doctor, as he's the main protagonist, and you have a linear story, but it's a lot more difficult to sustain a complete series. What you have on something like *Buffy* is multiple protagonists, so there are greater possibilities. Through *Death Comes to Time*, and maybe on television, we want to expand the

involving the Doctor! An interesting story aspect might be to explore the Doctor's loneliness. I don't think the Doctor should be like Paul McGann in the young and handsome sense. Paul is a brilliant actor, so I don't mind him as the Doctor – but if you have an intelligent story, you don't need a young and pretty protagonist." Er, not like *Buffy* or *Farscape*, then? "Well, in a way, you can take all the overly sexy bits from the Doctor and give them to some of the other protagonists." Sounds painful.

What target audience does Dan have in mind? "A family audience – if it comes back. I'm speaking hypothetically, of course." Of course. Could Doctor Who ever be considered mainstream again? "I'd like

elaborate display sounds a tad unfeasible, Dan is in little doubt that "for the first time now there is a coherent plan in motion for bringing Doctor Who back." Well, he would say that, wouldn't he? But let's hope he's right. "We're outside the battlements, you know, but as soon as someone goes for a long enough piss ..."

Death Comes to Time: Valentine's Day will be available in Real Media format at www.bbc.co.uk/doctorwho from February 14. Further episodes will appear weekly. In DWM 316 we speak to the cast and go behind-the-scenes at the recording of the play.

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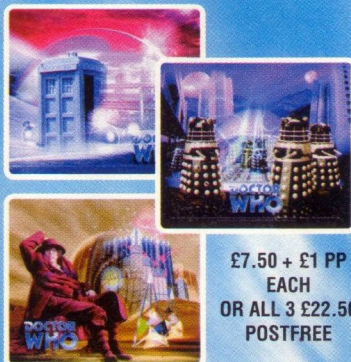
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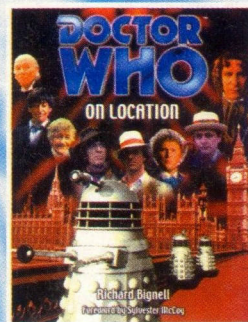
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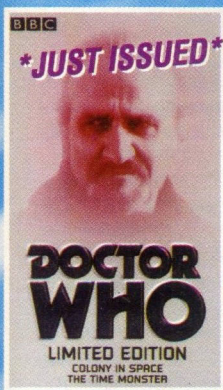
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The Time Team

THEIR ONGOING MISSION: TO WATCH ALL 696 EPISODES OF DOCTOR WHO.



EPISODES 233 TO 240

Cliché counters

Deaths on screen so far

00291

One or more regulars rendered unconscious

00059

One or more regulars incarcerated

00087

Just as Abba spawned Björn Again, Abbacadabra and a whole host of tribute bands, DWM's Time Team has its very own loyal fan following keen to pay homage to the fab four. Rob Shearman, better known for his dark and subtle Big Finish audios, is a member of Scarborough's copyright-skirting 'Time Team', whose sage commentaries on *The Smugglers* play to packed pubs up and down the east coast of England. Toby Lindsay of Staffordshire, a regular contributor to the far right column of this page, regularly dons a black fright wig to pose as 'Peter' in 'The Thyme Travellers', and has even adopted two children to help perfect his impersonation. His cross-dressing associate Sarah spends a fortune keeping up with Clayton's ever-changing hairstyles.

Unchanged by such mass adulation, the original-and-best Time Team assemble in Jac's flat to rejoin *The Seeds of Death* with Episode Two. This serial is something of a tribute act in itself. After recent forays into the surreal with *The Mind Robber* and big-budget adventure in *The Invasion*, *The Seeds of Death* seems designed to recapture the feel of the formulaic runarounds of Season Five.

The moonbase control of T-Mat, the instant transit system on which a future Earth relies, has been invaded by Ice Warriors working to an as-yet unknown plan. One human has crippled the system in a fatal act of bravado, and the self-serving Fewsham and his mutinous colleagues have been set to work repairing it. On Earth, T-Mat head honcho Radnor and his kinky assistant Gia Kelly plan to use the last surviving rocketship to mount a rescue.

The hissing Ice Warriors are welcomed back by our gang. "I like the fact that they have a boss in a different hat this time," says Peter. "The idea of a Martian hierarchy elevates the Ice Warriors from just another bunch of invading monsters to a race of aliens with individual characters."

"It's nice that their plan isn't obvious for a change," adds Jac. "I haven't got a clue what they're trying to do. Or, actually, what on earth the title of the story means."

The Doctor, Jamie and Zoe just happen to have pitched up in the museum of Professor Eldrad, the owner of that vital rocket. Eldrad himself is too old to stand the trip to the Moon, so guess who's going to fly the mission? By chance, the rocket has three seats in the cabin – who'da thunk it?

While the predictable plotting draws moans, a couple of aspects of the production are praised. "I love the way Michael Ferguson is so inventive with his camera shots," says Richard. "We're frequently looking at scenes through other bits of set or from low angles."

"And it might plod a bit," comments Clay, "but the acting's great. Terry Scully makes Fewsham very sympathetic, even though he's a traitor. Doctor Who is usually too judgmental to portray characters like him realistically. The poor bloke's just afraid of dying!"

Jamie insists on joining the Doctor and Zoe, but they have to warn him about the stresses of space travel. "G-Force, eh?" laughs Peter. "I'm no expert, but perhaps a space suit would be in order?"

"It's surprising," adds Richard, "that with this story being made at the time of the Apollo missions, they didn't make the inside of the rocket look more realistic than three office chairs and some sets of headphones."

On the Moon, Phipps, one of Fewsham's braver colleagues, manages to destroy one of the invaders. Peter:

"The Ice Warrior melted! That's just silly! Are we supposed to think they're actually made of ice now?"

With Fewsham having fixed an emergency T-Mat, Gia Kelly and some helpers beat the Doctor to the Moon, and while Slaar and his Ice Warriors lurk around the corner, set about repairing the main system. "This 'away team' of Miss Kelly's is a bit Star Trek," notes Peter. "You just know that the non-speaking characters are going to be sonic cannon fodder!"

We reach Episode Three, and Clayton's annoyed that the Doctor still hasn't escaped his sub-plot. "It's disappointing that once the Doctor arrives on the Moon, just as the story needs to kick into gear, he just races up and down some corridors."

"But what racing!" chuckles Peter. "Without doubt, the finest and funniest chase scene in Doctor Who yet!"

With T-Mat repaired, the Ice Warriors reveal themselves to Gia Kelly and both of her assistants are dispatched in the casual manner reserved for those on Equity minimum rate. "Kelly is wonderfully defiant in the face of the Ice Warriors, isn't she?" coos an impressed Richard. "Not even a hint of a scream!"

"Is that a Seed?" asks Clay a few minutes later. "Of Death?"

"It's taken three episodes to get to the reason for the title," remarks Jac as the Martians load sinister balloons into the T-Mat terminal. "That's a record!"

Their purpose is still uncertain, but as the Doctor sniffs at one of these 'seeds', it swells up and then bursts into a powdery cloud. He slumps lifelessly to the ground.

Episode Four begins as the first of these spore-spreading pods reaches T-Mat Control on Earth, and as more are transmitted to Ottawa, Oslo, Oswestry and Ormskirk, a mysterious froth spreads across the land. "Oh look. It's this week's outing for the Doctor Who foam machine," sighs Richard. "Viewers must have been getting sick of every other story being covered in soap suds."

"Perhaps the Ice Warriors are in league with the Great Intelligence and the Weed Creature?" ponders Peter. Or maybe they have shares in Proctor and Gamble.

An Ice Warrior travels to Earth to oversee developments. "Thank goodness," sighs Clay. "Out of the studio at last! It's a pretty good attempt to make the whole thing feel more epic. The shots of a lone Ice Warrior stomping across a foam-covered Hampstead Heath are quite impressive, whether obvious padding or not."

Research into the effects of the spores on Earth shows that they suck oxygen from the air. This has proven deadly to some



Compiled by
Gary Gillatt
Illustration by
Adrian Salmon



The Time Team are
Peter
Richard
Jac
Clayton

IN ORDER. FROM THE START.

humans, but only knocked the Doctor unconscious for a few hours. It has also thrown Clay into Andrew Pixley mode. "You know, this is the last time in televised Doctor Who that the lead actor doesn't appear for an episode," he chimes. The rest of the Team look at him as if he's an imposter. "See, I do take notice of things," he mutters defensively.

Back on the Moon in Episode Five, as Zoe struggles with the heating controls, Fewsham wrestles with his conscience and Gia Kelly fiddles with her Visible Panty Line, the Doctor wakes up. Soon after, they all escape to Earth bar Fewsham. Realising that his earlier actions may have endangered the whole human race, this ever-turning turncoat seems keen to redeem himself.

"The story has really begun firing now," says Clay. "It's just a pity that there are no characters to give a damn about! Ah well!"

Slaar plots over videocam with the Grand Marshal, who is piloting the invasion fleet towards Earth. "Gosh," says Jac. "Apparently, the higher up you are in Ice Warrior society, the more sequins you're allowed on your hat!"

While the seeds are drawing oxygen from the air all across the Earth, the Doctor discovers that they can be destroyed with plain old water. He resolves to use Weather Control to make it rain, but is distracted when a transmission, cunningly organised by Fewsham, appears on a nearby screen. The man is trying to save his reputation by forcing Slaar to 'fess up his invasion plans on camera.

"Thank goodness that Fewsham wasn't staying behind out of some sudden change of heart self-sacrificing thing," approves Jac. "Those are such a cop-out. At least he had a selfish reason. Of course, he won't be alive much longer, but there's a bit more motivation in it."

Sure enough ... "I like the way we see Fewsham's transmission through the same camera that's relaying the information back to Earth," says Richard. "It's quite spooky when Slaar spots the active camera and begins to walk towards it."



"This story elevates the Ice Warriors from a bunch of monsters to an intelligent alien species"

"Michael Ferguson really is a great director, isn't he?" says Jac. Realising that Jamie and Zoe have headed to Weather Control, the Doctor races after them, giving Peter cause to point out a studio-to-location continuity gaffe. "The Doctor may be in a rush," he says, "but he's got time to shave his sideburns first ..."

The final episode has much dashing about as the humans try to conjure rain to destroy the deadly seeds of deadly death.

"Hmm," ruminates Clay. "There are lots of thrills and spills, granted, but don't you think the whole thing feels a little empty? The story doesn't have half the intelligence of *The Ice Warriors*, and when it tries to address similar issues – like the whole technology vs human feelings schtick – it's really half-hearted."

In the end, we have a nifty showdown between the Doctor and Slaar, with our hero having successfully lured the Ice Warrior fleet into the sun. "There's the Doctor at his heroic best!" cheers Peter. "Saving the human race! Fearless against the monsters! Defiant in the face of certain death!" As *Land of Hope and Glory* swells up behind our over-excited viewer, and the Doctor and friends slip away quietly, the rest of the Team look at each other, nonplussed.

"It was a bit dull," says Clay. "A bit rushed, and maybe one draft

away from being really quite good. Typical Season Six, then."

"Inoffensive stuff," adds Jac. "Lovely direction, though."

"Oh yes," says everyone at once. "Lovely direction."

We're still in tribute mode for our next tale, *The Space Pirates*, and while for all bar Episode Two our only evidence is an audio and some pictures of Patrick Troughton looking worried by an oscilloscope, it feels oddly familiar. Captain Hermack of Earth ship V-47, and his fearless crew, are charged with policing our galaxy's final frontier. And he's boldly going to do just that, it seems.

But there's trouble; the nasty Caven and his space pirates are attacking space beacons, to steal their valuable Argonite. Hermack is tasked with defeating these thieves, but Jac is curious as to why he has to bother. "I hope there's a good reason for them to have built their beacons out of the most precious mineral on Earth, because it really is a bit of a beacon" – she chuckles to herself – "to thieves. Like making phone boxes out of gold."

"Come, on, come on, where's the TARDIS?" shouts Peter.

"It's painful," says Clay. "The whole first half of the episode is taken up with endless exposition of a really very simple idea: Some people are going to steal the beacons. Some others will try and stop them. All have silly accents."

"This must be the longest that the TARDIS has ever taken to arrive," says Richard. "It's 18 minutes before we see the Doctor. That's a whole episode of *The Mind Robber*!"

When the Doctor and pals do turn up, on Beacon Alpha Four, he is shot at by Hermack's men, and then the Beacon is blown up by Caven's pirates. "Great," sighs Peter, clocking up the cliché counter. "Our heroes are locked up and unconscious!"

Joining us in Episode 2, passing through this dreariest sector of space, is the LIZ 79 and its owner, grizzled prospector Milo Clancey.

Clay is torn. "Milo: a breath of fresh air, or someone you want to shoot dead at once. I can't decide ..."

"It's certainly sad," says Peter, "when the most exciting event in an episode is a man eating breakfast."

"I'm trying really hard to like this, I really am," adds Richard. "But General Hermack is awful and Milo Clancey is a nightmare. What was Robert Holmes thinking of?"

The episode plays to a stunned silence from our Team, bar the odd "Oh look, a spaceship". Then Clayton just erupts. "The Doctor and crew are still separated from the main action in a wilderness of sub-plot at the end? What the hell is going on of late? He should land on a planet and have

adventures. It's a simple format. How can they have forgotten it?!"

Back to audio for Episode 3, so Peter sits back and shuts his eyes; "I'm just resting my eyelids," he claims.

"Oh, thank God!" says Clay as the Doctor and friends are rescued by Milo. "Troughton and co have people to react to! And Zoe's on top form, isn't she? All the stuff about Clancey ordering her to make tea is very funny. Like the show is commenting on its own sexism with a knowing wink."

"Mmm," agrees Peter.

"Ah," says Jac. "Argonite is practically indestructible, so it's not quite as silly to build beacons out of it as I thought. Phew!"

"Rrrr," affirms Peter.

Richard is beside himself with frustration. "This almost makes *The Wheel in Space* look fast-paced and exciting! A candidate for 'worst story yet'?"

"Zzzz," asserts Peter.

Yes, he's sound asleep. We'll wake him later and force him to listen to the episode by himself. That'll learn 'im! In the meantime, does anyone know what Rob Shearman's rates are, and if he's free next month ...?

And you said ...

THE SEEDS OF DEATH

"For once, the general cluelessness of Troughton-era authority figures is justified within the story; we're told quite clearly, these guys are not rocket scientists!"

JONATHAN BLUM, AUSTRALIA

"Hmm. The 'real' rocket model looks suspiciously just like the one the Doctor and Eldred fondled in Episode One ..."

STEVE MANFRED, USA

"The Doctor and co look like they're in the middle of a massive Ibiza foam party!"

CHRIS FEWELL, DURHAM

"Troughton's Doctor has surprisingly little time for Fewsham's cowardice. He doesn't offer one consoling word ... he just scolds him with a look. Very like Hartnell, in fact."

STEVE MANFRED, USA

"Hang on! Wouldn't raising the temperature to 60°C kill all the humans, too?"

TOBY LINDSAY, STAFFS



THE SPACE PIRATES

"How many different 'most valuable minerals known to Man' have we had in the series now?"

Is anyone counting?"

STEVE MANFRED, USA

"The space pirates themselves are a rather witless lot, Caven being a stereotypical bully and Dervish acting as whining subordinate."

ROB SHEARMAN, LONDON

"Let's start a campaign stopping anybody from ever attempting to find this abysmal story!"

DAVID PARKS, WHITCHURCH

In DWM 316, the Team will have reached a milestone with the final Troughton story and the end of the black and white era! If you've got anything to say about Episodes Six to Ten of *The War Games*, or indeed, 1960s Doctor Who as a whole, send your comments, by 1 March, to: The Time Team, DWM, Panini House, Coach and Horses Passage, The Pantiles, Tunbridge Wells, Kent TN2 5UJ. E-mail: dwm@panini.co.uk

Planet of the Spiders



PART ONE

Mike Yates steals into a country house cellar where five men are summoning a strange power around a mandala. His presence disturbs the ceremony – and the men know it is Yates spying on them. Their leader, Lupton, is horrified when Cho-je, a Tibetan monk, announces that Yates is bringing a woman journalist to visit; Lupton came to the meditation centre to escape the world – and seek a new form of power.

Having attended the music hall performance of Professor Herbert Clegg, the Doctor asks the mind-reader to visit him at UNIT. The Doctor is aware that Clegg has powerful Extra Sensory Perception, which he hides behind his clairvoyant act. Clegg agrees to help the Doctor with his experiments and to learn to control his powers.

Sarah Jane Smith is collected from the local station by Yates who explains that something odd is happening at the centre. He wants Sarah to tell the Brigadier, but their journey is interrupted when the chanting men back at the house summon up the illusion of a tractor ahead of Yates' sports car.

Eventually, Sarah tours the monastery, meeting Tommy, the backwards handyman, and Cho-je. Mike appears to depart with Sarah, but the two sneak back to the cellar.

A parcel from South America arrives at UNIT HQ containing the blue crystal from Metebelis Three that the Doctor gave to Jo Grant. As Clegg stares into this, a strange force hits the Doctor's lab – and Clegg dies. In the cellar, Mike and Sarah watch on as a huge spider materialises on the mandala ...

EIGHT-LEGS, SIX EPISODES, FOUR LUDICROUS MODES OF TRANSPORT AND TWO K'ANPOS – WHAT A SEND-OFF!
ANDREW PIXLEY SHEDS A TEAR AS JON PERTWEE BIDS ADIEU TO DOCTOR WHO. MIND THAT HOVERCRAFT!

PART TWO

Striking down a panicking member of Lupton's group with an electronic web blast, the spider leaps onto Lupton's back and vanishes – its voice promising him the power he seeks. The spider says Lupton must help her locate a crystal. Sarah leaves, but Mike's attempts to warn the Abbot, K'anpo, are blocked by Tommy.



Whatever possessed you? Sarah confronts the Doctor. © BBC

The Doctor plays back the images in Clegg's mind from his equipment and sees giant spiders; looking into the crystal himself, he sees the face of his mentor – an old hermit. Sarah arrives and tells the Doctor what happened at the monastery. Lupton arrives at UNIT HQ, stunning personnel and using power from the spider to help him steal the crystal, before escaping in the Doctor's futuristic car. The Doctor gives chase in an autogyro, directing the Brigadier, Sergeant Benton and Sarah who are pursuing Lupton in Bessie. Arriving at an airfield, Lupton steals the autogyro, with the Doctor and Sarah taking to the air in the Doctor's car. Landing near a river, Lupton appropriates a speed boat, with the Doctor borrowing a small hovercraft in which to continue the pursuit. As the Doctor approaches, the spider tells Lupton that she

will summon help from Metebelis. By the time the Doctor can leap onto the boat, Lupton has completely disappeared ...

PART THREE

At the monastery, Tommy sees Lupton materialise in the hallway, carrying the crystal. Tommy's fascination for 'pretty things' leads him to steal the crystal from Lupton's room. The spider has reported back to her Queen on Metebelis that they have the crystal, which is required by the Great One whose aim is for the spiders to return to their home, Earth, as rulers.

The Doctor and Sarah arrive at the meditation centre and ask to see Lupton, but Cho-je saw Lupton in the monastery that morning and doubts the Doctor's story. Lupton has already been alerted to the Doctor's arrival by Barnes, one of his associates, so he and the spider prepare to depart for Metebelis, bluffing their possession of the crystal with the Queen.

Tommy has added the crystal to his collection, which he is about to show Sarah when she sees Lupton on his way to the cellar. Lupton conducts the mandala ceremony alone – and then dematerialises. An inquisitive Sarah steps onto the mandala and vanishes just as the Doctor and Mike rush in. Realising that Sarah will have gone to Metebelis Three, the Doctor races back to UNIT HQ and sets off in the TARDIS.

Sarah is captured by skin-clad villagers on Metebelis and taken to their settlement; they live in fear of the spiders – and one young man, Arak, is wanted for attacking

one of the guards of the 'eight legs'. Arak's family hide Sarah, but she is forced to give herself up to Queen Huath to prevent Arak being discovered. Arak's father, Sabor, and Sarah are captured by the guards, just as the TARDIS materialises in the village square. The Doctor engages in combat with the guards, but an electronic web hurled by one of them smashes him to the ground ...

PART FOUR

The fight allows Sarah to escape back into the hut as the spiders and guards withdraw to their citadel. The motionless Doctor is carried into the hut, where he murmurs about a machine in the TARDIS. Confronting the Queen and the spider council, Lupton and his spider claim that the crystal is hidden on Earth. In the village, Sarah's attempts to get the machine from the TARDIS result in her capture by Lupton, but Arak completes the task. A burst of energy from the machine revives the Doctor. He is told how humans and spiders arrived from Earth in a crashed starship 483 years ago. The blue crystals in the mountains increased the spiders' size and intelligence.

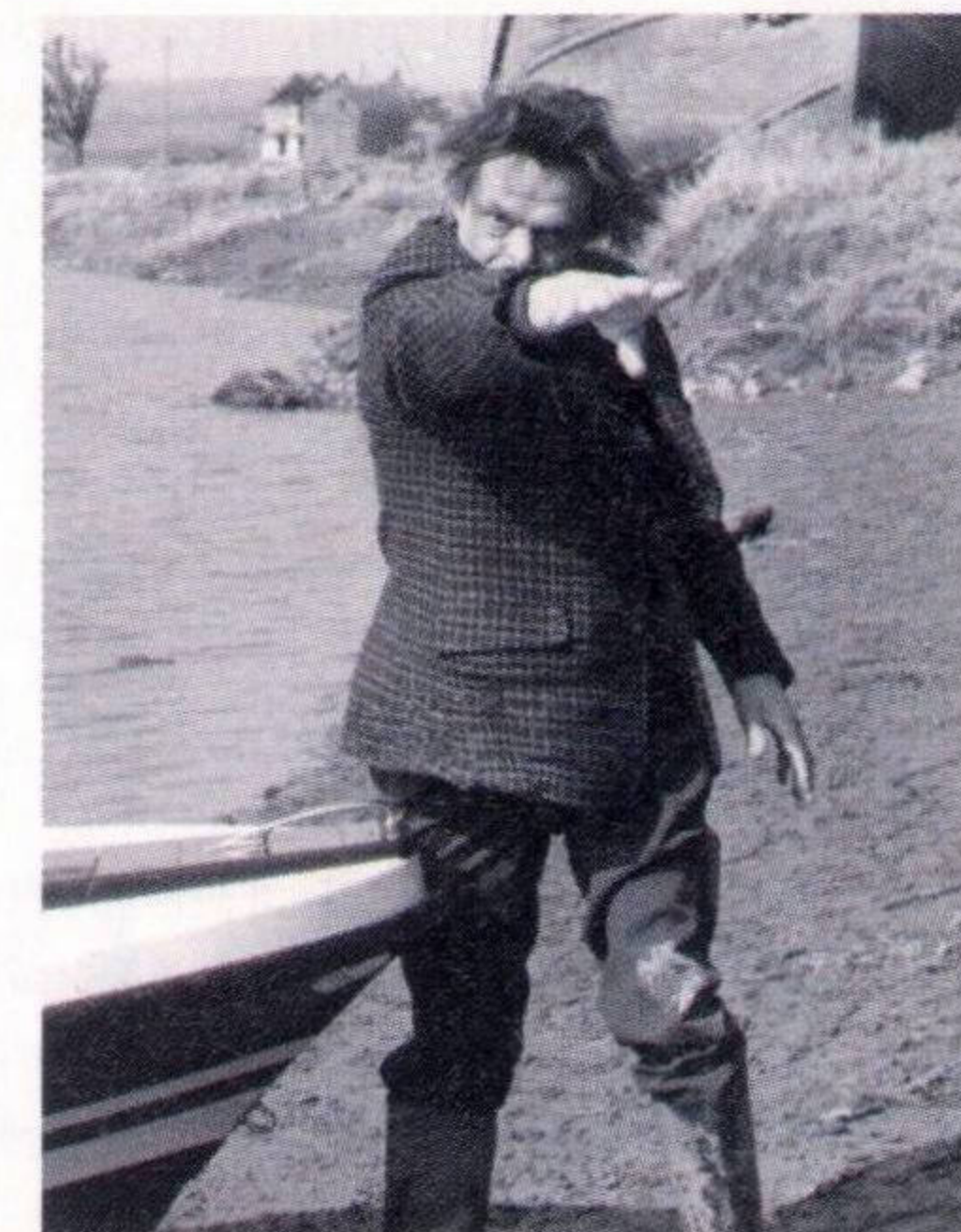
At the monastery, Barnes and the others consider how to get Lupton back, but their discussions are interrupted by Yates, whom they overpower. The illiterate Tommy gazes into the crystal and finds that he is now clever enough to read.

The Doctor identifies local pebbles that absorb the electronic web blasts. He sets off to the city to rescue Sarah and Sabor, but he is attacked and captured by guards commanded by Lupton. The Doctor is taken

to the spiders' larder, where he finds Sarah and Sabor held in cocoons ...

PART FIVE

Sarah is taken from the cell and brought before the Queen, where Huath offers her friendship. Armed with headbands containing the pebbles, Arak leads the villagers in an attack on the citadel. The Doctor frees himself from the cocoon using skills he picked up from Houdini. Sarah's



The web-slinging Lupton (John Dearth).

voice lures him into passages of blue crystal where the voice of the Great One speaks, demanding the crystal of power he stole, but Arak's attack succeeds – and the Doctor finds Sarah, who transports them both back to the TARDIS. They depart for Earth.

Yates convinces Barnes' group that he will take Lupton's place in the ceremony. Their

'A tear, Sarah Jane?'

In UNIT HQ, the TARDIS materialises. The Doctor staggers out and collapses. He looks up at Sarah and the Brigadier as they go to him ...

SARAH Doctor ...

DOCTOR Lost in the time vortex ... TARDIS brought me ... home ...

SARAH Oh Doctor, why did you have to go back?

DOCTOR I had to face my fear, Sarah. That was more important than just going on ... living ...

SARAH Please, don't die.

DOCTOR A tear, Sarah Jane? Don't cry. While there's life, there's ...

He dies – or so it would seem ...

From *Planet of the Spiders Part Six* by Robert Sloman

plans are overheard by Tommy, who informs Cho-je. The ceremony establishes a link with the spider council, and several of the creatures arrive on Earth. The spiders stun Yates and Cho-je, and then leap on the backs of Barnes' group. The TARDIS materialises in the cellar. The Doctor and Sarah are given a frosty reception, but are saved by Tommy, who is immune to the electronic web. He takes them to the elderly K'anpo, whom the Doctor seems to recognise. As the Doctor tells his story to K'anpo, Barnes and the others arrive outside the room to confront Tommy. "Kill him!" snarls Barnes as they hurl webs at the handyman ...

PART SIX

The Doctor concludes his story to K'anpo, but the Queen reveals herself on Sarah's back. The elderly abbot has been given the crystal by Tommy and uses it to free Sarah from the Queen. K'anpo is also a Time Lord. He is the Doctor's mentor who retired to Earth long ago. The Doctor knows he must return to Metebelis to face his fear, and is spirited back

to the TARDIS. Yates recovers from the attack, but K'anpo is worn out. He regenerates into Cho-je, who had been a future projection of K'anpo all along.

Back on Metebelis, the Doctor is met by Arak and taken to the council, now led by Lupton's spider, which allows him to proceed with the crystal to the Great One – and the council then kill the furious Lupton. In the caves, the Doctor faces a vast spider, the Great One, which aims to use a crystal web to create a positive feedback circuit, magnifying its intelligence to dominate the universe. The Doctor's body is exposed to crystal radiation, but he escapes the cave as the crystal enters the web. The power destroys the Great One's brain. The spiders die and the enslaved humans are released.

Three weeks later, Sarah is at UNIT HQ telling the Brigadier that she has given up hope of seeing the Doctor again. Suddenly the TARDIS materialises, and the Doctor staggers out, collapsing to the floor. The regenerated K'anpo appears and explains that the Doctor can be saved by regenerating himself. "Well, here we go again!" exclaims the Brigadier, as the Doctor's features blur and change ...

In Production



Effects assistant Ian Scoones manipulates one of the vacuum-formed plastic spiders. © BBC

While *Frontier in Space* was in production during Autumn 1972, producer Barry Letts discussed the future of the Doctor's arch-enemy, the Master, with actor Roger Delgado. Even though the Master's appearances in the show had become less frequent, Delgado found that casting directors assumed he was working steadily on Doctor Who. The actor felt it was time to move on. It was agreed that the Master would be written out, perishing in a blaze of glory at the end of the next season. To script this serial, Letts turned to his writing colleague Robert Sloman, with whom he had collaborated on *The Daemons*, *The Time Monster* and *The Green Death*. The Master's departure was discussed, and Sloman was formally commissioned to write a six-part storyline, *The Final Game*, on Thursday 15 February 1973 for delivery on Monday 4 June.

Sloman's storyline had been developed and submitted to the production office by mid-April. It drew on Buddhist notions suggested by Letts, whose own philosophical outlook on life ascribed to Buddhist ideals. A key notion was that the close relationship hinted at between the Master and the Doctor should be revealed as them being two different aspects of the same person; the Master would be the id (instinctive impulses) to the Doctor's ego (conscious thought) – an element that Sloman lifted from the 1956 movie *Forbidden Planet*. At the serial's conclusion, the Master would die in a massive explosion – saving others, including the Doctor. It would be left unclear whether or not the Master had undergone a death-bed repentance, unable to kill his former friend, which would have made sense of the previous occasions when the Master had spared his foe.

These plans were forcibly abandoned on 18 June when Roger Delgado was killed in a car accident in Turkey. The tragic event had a profound effect on the close-knit Doctor Who team, compounding Katy Manning's recent departure and making many of them think about leaving. Due to legal problems, Roger's



Sarah (Elisabeth Sladen), Arak (Gareth Hunt), Neska (Jenny Laird) and Sabor (Geoffrey Morris). © BBC

widow Kismet was unable to claim any insurance, and without her husband's income found herself in financial difficulty. The show's star, Jon Pertwee, had been a close friend of the Delgados, and he and his wife, Ingeborg, looked after Kismet for some time through this difficult period.

Delgado's death was followed by Terrance Dicks' decision to move on from the post of script editor after five years, and Letts also decided to leave *Doctor Who* to helm other BBC drama series. By Autumn 1973, Pertwee, too, felt that it was time to move on, allowing a new production team to start afresh with a new Doctor. Although he had enjoyed himself on *Doctor Who*, he missed both Manning and Delgado; furthermore, damage to his back had been inflamed during a recent fight sequence, leaving him less mobile than the role demanded. The actor asked his agent to look for other work and he was soon offered the lead in a stage play called *The Bedwinner* for Summer 1974. Pertwee soon received a telephone call from Letts' superior, Shaun Sutton, the Head of Serials; *Doctor Who* had been a great success with Pertwee, and Sutton asked the star to stay on. Pertwee was reluctant, asking for a pay rise of 20% rather than the usual increase of 3%. Explaining that the season's budget had already been set, Sutton told Pertwee that he would be sorry to see him go.

The final slot of Season Eleven, Serial ZZZ, was kept open for a new storyline from Sloman, which was in development during the later months of 1973 as Sloman and Letts collaborated closely. Sloman was now feeling restless on the series, but developed a narrative based on Letts' Buddhist input which he found attractive. Letts wanted to correct a flaw that had emerged in the Doctor's character: his thirst for knowledge which dominated his ego and had destructive consequences. Letts wanted the Third Doctor to depart in a parable about meditation, showing how greed could take over the selfish ego and gain power instead

of allowing itself to be destroyed. The Doctor would undergo a metaphorical trip into himself, coming to terms with his greed and fear, destroying his ego, and bringing about a regeneration into what the Buddhists saw as a 'new man'. The evil force was embodied in giant spiders, stemming from Sloman's dislike of the creatures.

An 'Argument' document for *The Planet of the Spiders* was drawn up; the narrative would conclude the running story of the Doctor's visits to the blue planet of Metebelis Three. Metebelis, the third planet of a small star of the Actaeon Galaxy, is dominated by a matriarchal society of spiders ruled by a Queen; if the male spiders move out of line, they are eaten. There are also humans, along with "flocks of alien beasts (or maybe sheep, cows, etc.)," and when animal meat supplies are low, the spiders devour the humans. 2370 years ago, an early hyperdrive spaceship from Earth was attempting the first intergalactic jump, but its course was distorted by the pressure of the Time Vortex and it landed on Metebelis Three. Despite the hostile local animals, most of the crew survived, established a community, and then set off to explore a distant "strange blue mountain". Already, a fertile female spider had been blown from their ship onto the upper mountain slopes where the strange powers of the Metebelis Blue Crystal had affected its nervous system (as with any creature of alien origin). The spiders' brains were enlarged and they gained the powers of psychic-clairvoyance, telepathy and teleportation; they have used their clairvoyance to scan for the blue crystal taken by the Doctor at the start of *The Green Death*.

This is where the narrative would begin, with the spiders establishing a mental link to the crystal ... because of Chairman Mao! When the Chinese

'I shouldn't have used a character like Tommy. Who are we to sit there with lordly disdain over the disadvantaged?'

Robert Sloman • DWM 276

Communists invaded Tibet in 1959, many monks followed the Dalai Lama into exile. One old Lama, K'an-po, became the Abbot of a Gumpa (or monastery) situated in a farmhouse on the side of a hill in North Wales. This Gumpa of Min-Dol-Lin (a place of perfect emancipation) had existed for three years, with one of the other Tibetans, Cho-je, acting as vice-abbot, master of the brethren and teacher. Another key figure was to be Lupton, the first European to join the Gumpa; it was his small, secret meditation group that established the link with the spiders.

SCRIPTING Buddhism

Barry Letts produced a document explaining basic concepts of Buddhism and its terminology for the production team, extracted from *The Message of the Tibetans*. Buddhism is a Pan-Asian religion and philosophy, stemming from the experiences of Gotama, the Buddha ("enlightened one") who lived around 500 BC in North East India; the Buddha attained Enlightenment, a mystical state, via the Four Noble Truths. These truths indicated that man's existence was one of suffering, that the suffering was caused by selfishness, that liberation from suffering existed in a state of nirvana ("dying out") and that the Noble Eightfold Path was the way to nirvana by ridding one's

self of the delusion of ego. The ego is not a person's true self – merely impermanent objects such as money, body, family or position.

Letts' notes indicated that the character of K'anpo Rimpoche was named after the famous Guru Rimpoche – 'The Precious Guru'. The chant which Lupton and his colleagues used to contact Metebelis was "Om mani padme hum", a prayer meaning "Hail to the Jewel in the Lotus". The ceremony took place around a mandala, a visual symbol and map of the Kingdom of Divinity showing the four gates (North, West, South and East). The group spoke mantras which were aural symbols and secret formula, and the music used should incorpo-

rate horns, cymbals, trumpets and bells.

In the script, Cho-je referred to "samsara" being the world of appearance and change; samsara means "eternal recurrence" or "becoming". The true self was said to be "no-self" and the true mind as "no-mind"; this came from the mystical state which the teacher Alara helped the Buddha to obtain, a "sphere of no-thing" where the concept of "no-self" was called "anatman". Cho-je indicated that the "old man" would die and the "new man" would find he never existed; this was the attaining of nirvana as the ego died. The venerable also said that "The Dharma that can be spoken is not the true Dharma", "dharma" being a



Sanskrit term for "rule" or "law". The form of Buddhism used at the lamasery was the Vajrayana Way; this movement had become a dominant sect by 1100 AD, developing in India as a form of Esoteric Buddhism which aimed to obtain liberation more

quickly. The fact that the Buddha spent his life striving for nirvana prompted Cho-je's comment that striving was the only important thing. The monk also referred to Sakyamuni's words; Sakyamuni had been a transcendent Buddha in India around 300 BC.

SCRIPTING Characters

The narrative was also to be crafted as a farewell gift to Pertwee. Over the years, Letts and Pertwee had discussed the gimmick of using gadgetry and new technology in the show, with the producer often promising his star that when the appropriate situation arose, these elements could be incorporated into a story. With this in mind, Letts set aside much of Part Two for a chase sequence incorporating various vehicles that Pertwee had taken a shine to.

The scene breakdown for *The Planet of the Spiders* indicated that while the Doctor's car, the "Whomobile", and the gyrocopter were in the UNIT car park, Sergeant Benton, Sarah Jane Smith and the Brigadier were originally to join in the chase in a Land Rover rather than Bessie. During the chase, the Doctor's hovercraft "swoops onto the land, through a park, across somebody's front lawn, down a crowded market (etc.) in order to bypass a bend in the river"; the river was defined as the Thames. The spider council were led by a "chairman", larger than the others. In Part Three, there were extra film sequences of Sarah entering the monastery cellar and the Doctor departing the monastery in the Whomobile for UNIT HQ. Part Three ended with the Doctor arriving on Metebelis to see that Sarah was a prisoner. Part Four was to have concluded in the corridors of the citadel with Lupton ordering the guards to kill the Doctor, while Part Five's cliffhanger saw Lupton's colleagues unleashing their electronic webs at the Doctor and Sarah in the cellar. For Part Six, the Great One was described as "six feet across and marvellously horrible" while a "howl-round" was planned for the Doctor's regeneration. The ego that the Doctor had to destroy was represented by the Great One, with the creature's mountain stronghold being the symbolic self that he had to enter. Sloman's formal commission for the six scripts – now entitled *Planet of the Spiders* – came on Wednesday 5 December for a target delivery of Monday 14 January 1974. Part One was delivered on deadline, with the remaining five episodes the following day.

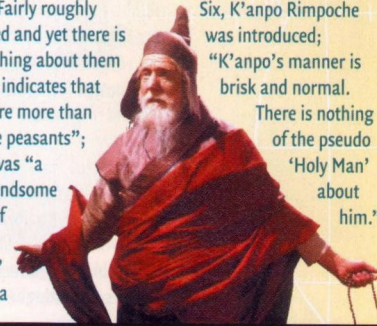
In Part One's cellar ceremony: "The cymbals begin to reverberate, and change into a curious electronic 'stellar' sound, as if some cosmic radar is at work." The Doctor's Image Reproduction Integrating System was to show "a succession of images of past Doctor Who adventures" when Professor Clegg (whose first name was originally Cyril) looked at the Doctor's sonic screwdriver. The small meditation room in which Yates and Sarah watched a class was noted as possibly being "part of the hall, redressed and relit". At the start of Part Two: "A strand of light streaks out of the spider's body and envelopes the man, who falls down senseless or dead"; this process was known as 'webbing' in the script. The stage directions indicated that Lupton's Spider, which was also referred to as Spider One, "speaks in a strange, thin voice". In Part Three, Sarah finds herself in "The strange countryside of Metebelis Three ... the Blue Mountain can be seen in the middle

The character of Tommy – generally referred to as Tom – was "a very backward local youth, who is monastery's hewer of wood and drawer of water"; when Tom referred to Sarah, his dialogue was written phonetically as "Sar'Jane Smith". In Part Three, the human inhabitants of Metebelis Three

were named Metebelians and "fairly roughly dressed and yet there is something about them which indicates that they are more than simple peasants"; Arak was "a tall handsome man of about thirty" with "a

powerful voice". In Part Six, K'ampo Rimpoche was introduced; "K'ampo's manner is brisk and normal.

There is nothing of the pseudo 'Holy Man' about him."



America for a rare toadstool, referring to *The Green Death*. When Tommy looked at crystal in Part Four, "He is beginning to be affected by it as Yates was in 'Green Death'". In Part Two, the Brigadier telephoned the UNIT medical officer, Sullivan; originally named 'Sweetman', this had been altered to prefigure the introduction of companion Harry Sullivan in the next serial, *Robot*. The Doctor's old mentor – revealed as K'ampo – was the character he spoke of in Sloman's *The Time Monster*. In Part Five, the Doctor commented how he knew Harry Houdini – the stage name of American escapologist Erich Weiss famed at the turn of the century; in Part Two, the Doctor indicated he knew Mrs Samuel Pepys, wife of the English seventeenth century Admiralty official and diarist. In Part Six, the



The only way to travel: Queen Huath prepares to visit her subjects. Lucky them. © BBC



(UNIT) family outing: Sarah, the Brigadier and Benton join the chase. For hours. © BBC

distance. Nearby is a group of buildings – huts or cottages." At the village, the crystal weapons used by the guards were referred to as probes. In Part Four, no children's reading book was specified for Tommy to read, but he later read the start of *The Tyger*, a work by 18th century English poet William Blake.

Originally, the machine that revived the Doctor discharged through his body as he holds it: "A great spark leaps from the Doctor's finger to the ground". The cell in which Sarah and Sabor were held "has no bars. It has no need of any. The wall is draped with webs, attached to which can be seen Sabor, wrapped like a fly in a spider web with just his head free. A spider is sitting in the web itself, obviously waiting for Sarah." In Part Six, the Doctor's Tibetan dialogue was written phonetically: "JAL TA KAY YON JO MA CHUN WA". The Great One was described as a spider, "Six or more feet across, [sitting] on a lattice of blue crystal". When the regenerated K'ampo appeared in UNIT HQ, "A strange ethereal sound is heard. As of a Tibetan TARDIS"; in the ensuing regeneration, the Doctor starts "to glow with a golden light".

In terms of continuity, Part One saw Mike Yates discussing the events of *Invasion of the Dinosaurs* with Sarah (who worked for Metropolitan), and dialogue concerned the Doctor's former companion Jo Grant and her search in South

Brigadier referred to Pertwee's debut story, *Spearhead from Space*, when commenting on the Doctor's previous return with a new face.

Planet of the Spiders was Sloman's least favourite of his Doctor Who scripts, feeling that the narrative demands placed on him were restrictive, notably Part Two's chase. Exhausted of ideas, this was Sloman's final Doctor Who; he instead concentrated on his day job as distribution manager of *The Sunday Times*. Letts effectively handed over to his successor Philip Hinchcliffe in July 1974, and although another storyline from Sloman was under consideration in early November 1974 it was never formally commissioned or developed.

Letts himself decided to direct Pertwee's final. The designer was Rochelle Selwyn, working on her only Doctor Who serial; the same was true of make-up supervisor Deanne Turner. Costumes were designed by L Rowland-Warne who had been part of the team on *Death to the Daleks* while visual effects were handled by Bernard Wilkie, a founder member of the Visual Effects Department; this was Wilkie's sixth and final credit on the series. Pertwee's departure was formally announced on Friday 8 February 1974, gaining considerable press coverage to coincide with broadcast of *Invasion of the Dinosaurs* Part Five. The *Daily Telegraph* stated that the new Doctor had been cast and would be revealed the following week.

An experimental studio session to test visual effects – mainly the spiders – was held at Television Centre on Monday 25 February. After an hours' set-up, this test began at 11am and although the exact contents are not known, it would almost certainly have concerned the CSO effects used extensively in the serial. Rowland-Warne decided to dress Pertwee in a blue velvet jacket for the bulk of the serial, forcing the team to use yellow as the CSO colour.

For *Planet of the Spiders*, Letts wanted to cast people who had worked on Doctor Who during Pertwee's tenure. Playing Lupton was John Dearth, an old colleague of Letts' who had voiced BOSS in *The Green Death*. Two of the series' regular

FILMING Special Vehicles

The gyrocopter used was a new model, a 'Cricket', powered by a Volkswagen motor and supplied by Campbell Aircraft Ltd who were based at Membury Airfield; the gyrocopter's adviser, Mr A M

Wurzon-Herrick, doubled for both John Dearth and Jon Pertwee in flying shots. One accident occurred when the Cricket got loose from its blocks when powered up; moving a short distance towards Dearth and the crew, the gyrocopter fell over and broke up. Dearth was stunned – part of a rotor blade sliced into his jacket and lodged in the lining, missing him by half an inch. Because a replace-

ment jacket could not be found, the gash was repaired with copydex and Wurzon-Herrick wheeled out a prototype lookalike of the Cricket to complete shooting.

For the aerial scenes, the camera was mounted on a Jet Ranger helicopter hired from Alan Mann Helicopters of Chobham in Surrey. Peter Farries of Nottingham

Pertwee subsequently purchased it himself. The Skima (or Pindair 75) hovercraft was provided by the Teddington based firm of Pinder Ltd, and its owner, Michael Pinder, was present playing Mr Hopkins and doubling for Pertwee in some hovercraft sequences. The Pindair Skima had received press coverage after its use as a rescue

vehicle during floods in Welshpool in 1973 covered in a press cutting retained by Letts' team from the *Southern Evening Echo* dated Thursday 23

August 1973. One shot performed on Thursday 14 March was the hovercraft driving over Stuart Fell's tramp; the hovercraft was driven by Pinder on this occasion after Pertwee had encountered difficulty in compensating for gusts of wind, and had veered towards Letts' crew on previous takes.



furnishing the Alien – aka "the Whomobile" – which had featured in *Invasion of the Dinosaurs*, now completed with a fitted hinged wind-screen.

The speedboat was a Hamilton Jet Boat, invented in New Zealand for covering shallow water, and supplied by Geoff Kenyon-May of Bristol Channel Yachts;



Wurzon-Herrick, doubled for both John Dearth and Jon Pertwee in flying shots. One accident occurred when the Cricket got loose from its blocks when powered up; moving a short distance towards Dearth and the crew, the gyrocopter fell over and broke up. Dearth was stunned – part of a rotor blade sliced into his jacket and lodged in the lining, missing him by half an inch. Because a replace-

stuntmen, Terry Walsh and Stuart Fell, were hired to appear; Walsh would play Bert, while Fell would be the tramp driven over by the Doctor's hovercraft. The UNIT soldier overpowered by Lupton was Pat Gorman, another small part player who had been in many of the recent serials; comedian Chubby Oates filmed a cameo as a policeman. Semi-regulars Nicholas Courtney, Richard Franklin and John Levene returned to the show for the first time since *Invasion of the Dinosaurs*.

Shooting on 16mm film got underway on the cold morning of Monday 11 March with the crew assembling to shoot at Mortimer Railway Station at Stratfield Mortimer, Berkshire. An hour was spent on the scene of Mike picking up Sarah, with Franklin glad to be in civies. Mike's MGB sports car was provided by Kingsbury Motors. A camera was mounted on the side of the vehicle and the dialogue scenes were then filmed on roads to the north of Stratfield Mortimer. Until late in the day, Lupton's ceremony was to have conjured up a cow in the road, although this was changed to a tractor supplied by J T Batsdon; Walsh doubled for Franklin in the sequence where Yates swerved off the road. Afternoon shooting took place at Tidmarsh Manor in Tidmarsh, Berkshire for all the Part One sequences in the grounds of the Lamasery in Mummerset. After this, most of crew moved west to stay overnight in Marlborough.

The misty, rainy Tuesday 12 was spent around Membury Airfield at Membury in Wiltshire, previously seen in *The Dæmons*. Work covered the beginning of Part Two's expensive chase sequence. Kingsbury Motors provided Bessie and the police panda car. The helicopter, autogyro and Whomobile were also used on this day. Filming began on all the aerial shots with a camera mounted on the Jet Ranger helicopter. In addition to the aerial shots for CSO backgrounds, other chase inserts were filmed on nearby roads, with some of the film of Bessie being speeded up. The motor chase continued at Membury on the morning of Wednesday 13, with a photocall for the shows' stars and the Whomobile. After lunch, the crew moved to

Marchant Barracks at Horton in Wiltshire, where shooting had been arranged with Captain Tulloch of the 1st Battalion of Wessex Regiment for the UNIT HQ scenes. By now, Pertwee was wearing a corset to support his slipped disc; he was donning his costume in an office allocated as his dressing room when a sergeant major walked in, saw the star wearing hair curlers and corset, and called out to his men: "Bloody hell! Doctor Who's a poofster!" Oates filmed his scenes on this day prior to an evening stage performance, and the radio voice was later provided by Letts. After wrapping, the crew moved further west to Gloucestershire.

Thursday 14 and Friday 15 were spent filming the speedboat and hovercraft chase on the River Severn close to Strand in Gloucestershire; work on the first day was covered by a film crew from BBC Points West and a photocall of Dearth was held. Walsh appeared as Bert to perform a fall into the river and a brief fight with Dearth; he also doubled as both Lupton and the Doctor, notably for the Doctor's leap from hovercraft to speedboat. Crash-helmets and life jackets were used for rehearsals, and Pertwee had to rapidly master the Skima hovercraft. After the shoot Pertwee was soaked, but on returning to the unit hotel he found young fans eager to see him. Despite his tiredness, he found time to talk to the children. Live action shooting concluded on the Friday afternoon and the crew returned to London; the only model filming was the mountain explosion for Part Six.

Rehearsals for the first two episodes began in Acton on Sunday 17 March, with more of Letts' old friends cast. Playing Moss was Terence Lodge whom Letts had used in *Carnival of Monsters* (Lodge had also been in *The Macra Terror*). Andrew Staines, playing Keaver, had been cast by Letts in *The Enemy of the World*, *Terror of the Autons* and *Carnival of Monsters*; similarly, Letts had used Christopher Burgess, playing Barnes, in *The Enemy of the World* and *Terror of the Autons*. As Clegg, Letts hired Cyril Shaps who had been in *The Tomb of the*

'I liked Jon's chase in the Whomobile, leaping over meadow, brow and bray'

Nicholas Courtney • DWM 228

Cybermen and *The Ambassadors of Death*; Shaps was also a semi-regular in *The Liver Birds*. Kevin Lindsay, who had played Linx in *The Time Warrior*, returned as Cho-je. Lupton's spider was voiced by Ysanne Churchman, who had voiced Alpha Centauri in both *The Curse of Peladon* and *The Monster of Peladon*. John Kane was cast as Tommy; Kane later featured in *Doctor on the Go* and wrote television scripts as diverse as *The Feathered Serpent* and *Terry and June*. Levene gave tips on acting to Kane, and also ad-libbed the hairdressing gag in Part One. Likewise, Courtney suggested the final line: "Well, here we go again".

Recording began in Television Centre Studio 1 on Tuesday 2 April. Each evening session ran from 7.30pm to 10pm. Part One was recorded generally in sequence; a blue light effect was superimposed to show the power on the mandala and sound in the cellar was echoed. For the meditation class, 82 seconds of *Music from the Himalayas: The Living Tradition* by Lama Chhopa was played in behind the cast's chanting. After recording the theatre sequences (which used pre-taped voices), Pertwee and Courtney changed costumes. Yellow CSO was used in the UNIT lab for Clegg's levitation of the tray and for the IRIS monitor that showed shots from *Carnival of Monsters* Part Three. Shaps wore a headset from *The Green Death* when connected to the IRIS machine. As Clegg studied the crystal, a wind machine created a whirlwind in the lab, cameras were tilted and equipment rigged to move; a blue light was also superimposed. For the cliff-hanger, a roll-back-and-mix effect was used for the spider's appearance. With Part One recorded, the remaining scenes in the Doctor's lab for Parts Three and Six were taped; this avoided the set being re-erected and cleared all Courtney's later scenes. Roll-back-and-mix was used for the materialisation of the TARDIS (occasionally combined with a split screen effect). Lindsay donned the K'anpo outfit to be CSOed into the UNIT set. Pertwee's successor, Tom Baker (who had not attended rehearsals), arrived in studio to perform the single shot dressed in Pertwee's spare outfit.



Cunning stunt: Pertwee gets to grips with the Skima. Eventually. © BBC

VISUAL EFFECTS *Spiders*

Pertwee found the evening exhausting, and took the sequence very seriously; Baker was also very subdued. With Baker lined up where Pertwee had been lying, the tape was wound back and mixed with a bright light superimposed on the picture,

On Wednesday 3, Part Two was recorded in sequence. Almost twelve minutes of this episode had already been captured on film. Many of the spider shots were recorded individually, with tricky technical line-ups for the electronic web effects being superimposed from a spark generator. The electronic spider voices were dubbed in later on, and roll-back-and-mix was used for the spider vanishing on Lupton's back. Split-screen and roll-back-and-mix allowed the crystal to vanish from the UNIT lab. Material of the Doctor on Metebelis Three from *The Green*



What a tangled web we weave: Huath attempts to bring Sarah on-side ... © BBC

Death was prepared for the Doctor's flashback in this episode, and the Whomobile featured in studio, flying on a CSO yellow background against pre-filmed footage.

As rehearsals for the second studio began on Friday 5, Pertwee travelled to Blackpool to open the first of two new permanent BBC Enterprises Doctor Who exhibitions; this was covered in a report on *Nationwide*. As with *Carnival of Monsters*, Letts opted to record the last two sessions by location; hence the second block would complete all the Earth-bound scenes for Parts Three to Six. Joining the cast as K'ano and Queen Huath were George Cormack and Kismet Delgado; Cormack had appeared in *The Time Monster* while Kismet had acquired an Equity Card for her TV debut.

Recording started in TC8 on Tuesday 16 April, with the bulk of the Monastery scenes for Parts Three and Four, using CSO for the shots of the walking spider puppet and reverse videodisc for the shot of the hanging spider being yanked off Dearth's back. Sladen was given a new costume for the rest of the serial, and CSO was used to create the effect of her transportation to the Metebelis Three landscape (actually a slide of the Arizona desert). A special camera filter emphasised the crystal's glow in the scenes where Tommy benefited from its powers; in this scene, Kane read from the *Ladybird Book Going to School* by M E Gagg.

Evening taping on Wednesday 17 April began with the shot of the bound Yates from Part Four and continued with the Monastery scenes for Parts Five and Six; there was an afternoon photocall showing Sladen with the hanging spider prop. When Tommy recalled recent events in Part Four, two sequences from Part Three

On Friday 8 March, puppeteer Barry Smith was sent the scripts for *Planet of the Spiders* and asked to estimate the modelling costs of the different spiders required. The bulk of these were made by Bernard Wilkie's visual effects assistants. Around twenty dummy spiders were made for the Council Room scenes; these latex-covered creatures, made by Ian Scoones and Steve Bowman, had vacuum-formed plastic bodies with wire legs and could twitch by means of nylon lines. Another vacuum-formed prop was a lightweight spider that hung on an actor's back. Similarly, there was a lightweight jumping spider that could leap out of shot on a wire; this was also manipulated as a puppet by Smith for



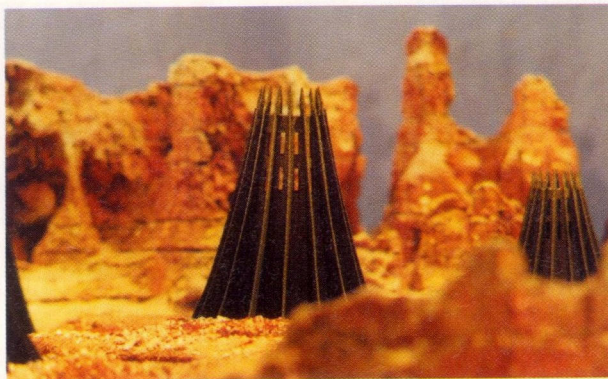
certain walking shots, notably in Part Three. Richard Conway constructed Huath, the Queen spider, a larger and more complex puppet with legs and mandibles that could be operated via 15 cables connected to a keyboard hidden beneath the Queen's platform. Scoones designed a five foot spider for the Great One which had flaming red eyes and a hide of sea moss painted black over a balloon bladder which made it seem to breathe. This was rejected by Barry

Letts as too terrifying and replaced by the Queen spider prop for recording. The final spider was a mechanical one created by Scoones and Mat Irvine; originally called Buggy he was subsequently nicknamed Boris (after the song *Boris the Spider*). He had a vacuum-formed body which housed a small Meccano motor to propel him along and move the legs. Featuring briefly during in Part Five, Boris made various public appearances with Irvine in later years.

were played back on videodisc. Sladen lip-synched to Delgado's dialogue as the Queen possessed her in Part Six. Unfortunately, both studio days had been affected by a late start, and a number of CSO shots which had worked in camera rehearsals had gone wrong in the evening. As a result, there was a costly over-run to complete these scenes. This was Franklin's final regular work on the show.

Next day, Pertwee appeared alongside his wife on *Pebble Mill* at One, and rehearsals began again on Friday 19. Joining the cast was Gareth Hunt as Arak; Letts cast Hunt when he met him in a lift at TV Centre. The actor was best known for his roles in *Upstairs, Downstairs* and, later, *The New Avengers*. Joanna Monro, playing Rega, later featured in comedic roles on *That's Life* and *Fast Forward*. The two guard captains were played by Walter Randall and Max Faulkner; Randall had played various roles in the show since *The Aztecs*, while Faulkner had worked on *The Ambassadors of Death*, *Death to the Daleks* and *The Monster of Peladon*.

On Friday 26, Bill Slater, Sutton's successor, contacted Dicks, unclear about why Tommy was immune from the web attacks in Part Six, since script notes suggested that this should have been explained in Part Two. An additional comment about Tommy's innocence from Cho-je covered this adequately. At this point, production started to overlap with location recording on Baker's debut serial, *Robot*; thus on Sunday 28, Sladen was absent for OB work at Wood Norton and found it very exhausting to work on two serials simultaneously.



Tower of Evil: the eight-legs' citadels on Metebelis Three. © BBC

DEPARTURE Richard Franklin

Richard Franklin was not terribly disappointed to be leaving *Doctor Who* as he felt that the stories had become weak. His career continued in theatre, pantomime and television commercials; he also unsuccessfully stood as a

Member of Parliament. Franklin retained his connection to the show by helping to stage and starring in *Recall UNIT: The Great Tea Bag Mystery* at the Edinburgh Fringe Festival, and returning as Captain Yates for cameos in *The Five Doctors* and *Dimensions in*

Time. He also wrote an as-yet-unpublished Captain Yates novel entitled *The Killing Stone*.

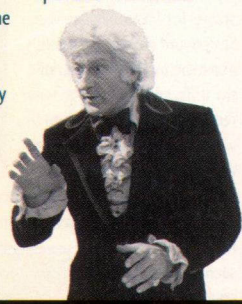


DEPARTURE Jon Pertwee

His Doctor Who work complete, Jon Pertwee immediately departed for two new projects. The first was the lead in Tony Lesser's play *The Bedwinner*, soon to open on the London stage. The other was as the chairman of Thames Television's panel game *Whodunnit?* in which celebrities were invited to solve a dramatised crime; Pertwee had appeared as a guest

during the show's first season in 1973 and had struck up a rapport with its writer, Lance Percival, leading to him replacing the original host, Edward Woodward. Pertwee's version debuted on Monday 24 June 1974, a couple of weeks after *Doctor Who* completed its run. In due course, Pertwee went into another theatre run with *Don't Just Lie There, Say Something*, featured in

Disney's *One Of Our Dinosaurs Is Missing* and replaced Windsor Davies in an episode of *The Goodies*.



Taping took place in TC6 starting on Tuesday 30 April for all the scenes on Metebelis involving the village square and adjoining hut, with an afternoon photocall. The first sequence recorded had Sarah and Lupton CSOed onto the model surface of Metebelis Three; a similar background was inlayed into the village square set as Tuatara forced Sarah over the balcony. A blue glow was superimposed on the guards' crystal probes. Walsh doubled Pertwee for all the fight shots starting Part Four, and a superimposed spark generator was used to show the effect of the Doctor's machine in reviving him. At the end of the evening, four

'Being an auteur seemed marvellous to me, and I was at last able to do it on *Planet of the Spiders*!'

Barry Letts • DWM 270

scenes set at the Castle Main Gates were taped; all made heavy use of CSO, were time consuming and unsuccessful. Taping over-ran by half-an-hour.

Wednesday 1 May included afternoon recording between 2.30pm and 4pm for the Cave of Crystal scenes in Parts Five and Six which required extensive use of yellow CSO for the Doctor, the cave model and the giant spider prop. Sladen and Pertwee had pre-recorded dialogue for the Great One's imitations in Part Five, and a wire was used to levitate the crystal into place in the model web. Some inserts of 'webbing' for earlier episodes were also recorded and a photocall was held on the Council Chamber set. The evening saw the recording of scenes in the Council Chamber, Cell and Castle Corridor for Parts Three to Six. In the cells, the cocoons holding Sabor, Sarah and the Doctor were fastened with



Inside the Gompas of Min-Dol-Lin: the cellar and mandala (left) and K'anpo's study (right). © BBC



and peace ... No ... no ... that's wrong. If you looked into that old man's eyes they were fiercely alive ... dangerously alive ... I've got a feeling, Brigadier, that I'm about to be faced with the worst threat ... the most evil ... of my whole life ... it was as if the old hermit was reaching out across the years to warn me ...' The cut continued into the next scene which resumed the staircase conversation between Yates and

Velcro. Walsh doubled for Pertwee in the fight with Faulkner's guard captain that closed Part Four, and stood in for the star in the shot of the Doctor wriggling out of the cocoon in Part Five. Faulkner also performed a stunt fight with Hunt during Part Five. To Letts' fury, recording was brought to an abrupt halt half-way through one of the last scenes of the Doctor walking along the castle corridors; taping had already over-run by 30 minutes and the electricians 'pulled the plugs'.

The editing of *Planet of the Spiders* was problematical. Part One over-ran and necessitated three cuts. The first was a scene in the UNIT lab where the Brigadier enters to find the Doctor repairing the IRIS machine and asks if he slept well: "Very well indeed, thank you," says the Doctor. "I had ten minutes." The Doctor then wonders why Clegg, who has such power, should resort to cheap tricks, and announces that he has invited him to UNIT HQ. As a result of this cut, the UNIT scenes were resequenced in the programme. The second cut hit the middle of the film sequence after Mike picked up Sarah from the station: Sarah comments that something strange must have happened to have sent Mike rushing out to find a 'phone box and call her last night, suggesting that he tells "the boss monk" whom Mike has not yet met. The start of the scene where Cho-je shows Sarah around the Monastery was removed; the lama spoke of how they do not seek the quietness of a blank mind in a cave of darkness. Sarah cannot grasp the concept, and Cho-je agrees: "The Dharma that can be spoken is not the true Dharma."

Part Two over-ran badly, still exceeding 25 minutes after several cuts. The first edit came at the end of the scene where the Doctor prepared to look into the crystal where he asks Benton for a cup of coffee. A short scene on the Monastery staircase was cut where Cho-je stops Yates going upstairs to see K'anpo. The next cut removed the end of scene in which the Doctor tells the Brigadier he saw the face of his old teacher in the crystal: "No spiders, no fear, no death. Just serenity



Preparing the Metebelis Three landscape model for filming. © BBC



The Doctor's laboratory at UNIT HQ: 'home', at least according to the TARDIS ... © BBC

Cho-je; thus all Kevin Lindsay's scenes were cut, but he retained his credit. After the speech in which the Doctor told Sarah that there were no giant spiders on Metebelis Three, there was a flashback to *The Green Death* Episode One. There was to be a short studio sequence inserted towards the end of the episode set in the Spider's Council Chamber where the Queen says that they must send power to their sister on Earth; it is not clear if this was ever recorded.

Because Part Three under-ran, just over a minute of material from Part Four was pulled back to form a new cliffhanger. Originally, the instalment ended with the Doctor seeing Sarah, surrounded by guards, as his companion said "Sorry, Doctor"; all this material appeared in Part Four's reprise. Part Four lost three short sequences, two of which were the castle gates CSO scenes. In the first, the Queen's procession approaches and enters. The next cut was in the village square and had two guards hearing Arak hiding behind the TARDIS. The final cut was a scene in which the Doctor arrives at the castle gates and uses his machine to absorb the web thrown by the sentry and reflect it back at the guard. The episode now under-ran badly; the original cliffhanger was of the Doctor confronted by the guards and Lupton asking "Well what are you waiting for? Kill him ..." Over a minute of Part Five was tagged on to compensate for the missing scenes.

A cut made to Part Five was a short scene of the Doctor in the citadel, flipping a coin to determine his route. Because of the material transferred back to Part Four, Part Five now under-ran; the plan was to conclude with Barnes and the others surrounding the Doctor and Sarah as they left the TARDIS, remarking that their escape "won't occur again." Three-and-a-half minutes of material from Part Six was pulled back, but did not contain a suitable cliff-hanger. In desperation, Letts used the first two-and-a-half minutes of Part Six and then a scene from later in the episode where Tommy came under attack; this meant that Cormack appeared but was not credited. Because of the re-edit, the reprise of Part Six was substantially different from the end of Part Five. Part Six was also expanded by inserting the Cave of Crystal sequence from Part Five as a flashback.

Regular composer Dudley Simpson was contracted to provide the incidental score on Friday 22 February. In collaboration with Dick Mills of the Radiophonic Workshop, over 32 minutes of music was recorded at Lime Grove studios by five musicians on Thursday 23 May and Wednesday 5 June. Simpson asked percussionist Tristram Fry to bring in some South American instruments to create a rattling sound for the spiders. Part One also used three pieces of music by P Gerard from the Conroy library album Selection (5" of Front Row, 15" of Sneaky Shiek, 4" of Hunted) for the theatre visited by the Doctor and the Brigadier.

In Radio Times, the programme listings were accompanied by artwork by Peter Brookes. Planet of the Spiders went out in a slightly later slot, and on Monday 27 May, between Parts Four and Five, BBC1 scheduled a repeat of The Sea Devils at short notice. In Wales, BBC Cymru broadcast shows like Gwerin 74 in the Doctor Who slot, and carried the programme on Sunday afternoons. ITV opposition varied; in most areas Doctor Who overlapped with the talent show New Faces while Southern screened Tarzan and LWT ran The Cowboys. The ratings for Planet of the Spiders were an improvement on the previous serial, but the Reaction Index was weak, with a particularly low score for Part Six. An Audience Reaction Report on Part Six issued on Friday 28 June indicated that the 177 people interviewed gave a



"Hello? Rentokil?" Getting to grips with the Whomobile's gadgetry. © BBC

"tolerant rather than enthusiastic response", and that the adult audience had tired of Pertwee's Earthbound adventures. After four episodes, Richard Boston of The Observer celebrated the series as the best thing on television on Sunday 26 May. After the story concluded, Donald Gomery of the Daily Mirror added "Thanks, Jon, for all you've done for us kids" on Monday 10 June.

Planet of the Spiders was repeated as a 105-minute compilation on Friday 27 December, the day before Robot Part One was aired. A reasonable audience tuned in for the compilation. On Monday 28 April, the Daily Mail carried a piece entitled 'Who's afraid of Dr Who's Spiders?', revealing how Dr Michael Hession, the consultant psychiatrist to the Church of England's Children's Society, blamed Planet of the Spiders for "an epidemic of spider-phobia among young children"; this view elicited demands from the National Viewers and Listener's Association for the BBC to move Doctor Who back to 6.30pm.

Terrance Dicks novelised the serial as Doctor Who and the Planet of the Spiders, restoring some of the cut sequences. It was published in paperback by Target in October 1975 sporting a cover by Peter Brookes; a hardback followed from Allan Wingate in November 1975. Reissued with a new cover from Alun Hood in September 1978, the book was latterly

numbered 48 in the Target Library. It was published as Doctor Who - Planet of the Spiders in August 1991 with a new cover by Alister Pearson. In May 1978, the Metebelis atmosphere appeared on the BBC LP Doctor Who - Sound Effects No 19.

Planet of the Spiders was the last Doctor Who serial to be marketed abroad both as 16mm monochrome films and on videotape. Australia and Dubai purchased it in 1975, Brunei and New Zealand in 1976, and Canada and Hong Kong in 1978. The serial was sold to North America in 1982 where it also airs as a 134-minute compilation. The BBC retains the original PAL tapes, though the original copy of Part Two is badly scratched; the 105-minute compilation version is also held. BBC Video released the serial in April 1991 with a cover painting by Andrew Skilleter. UK Gold broadcast the serial in episodic form in August 1993 and August 1995, with compilation transmissions since August 1993.

SERIAL ZZZ Planet of the Spiders

CAST Jon Pertwee Doctor Who, with Richard Franklin Mike Yates, Nicholas Courtney Brigadier Lethbridge Stewart [1-2,6], John Dearth Lupton, Terence Lodge Moss, Andrew Staines Keaver [1-2,4-6], Christopher Burgess Barnes, Carl Forgione Land [1-2,4-6], Cyril Shaps Professor Clegg [1]*, Kevin Lindsay Cho-je [1-3,5-6]**, Elisabeth Sladen Sarah Jane Smith, John Kane Tommy, John Levene Sergeant Benton [1-2], Pat Gorman Soldier [2]; Ysanne Churchman***, Kismet Delgado*** Spider voices [2-6]; Chubby Oates Policeman [2], Terry Walsh Man with boat [2], Michael Pinder Hopkins [2], Stuart Fell Tramp [2], Maureen Morris*** Spider voices [3-6], Ralph Arliss Tuar [3-6], Geoffrey Morris Sabor [3-5], Joanna Monro Rega [3-5], Gareth Hunt Arak [3-6], Jenny Laird Neska [3-5], Walter Randall Guard Captain [3-5]****, Max Faulkner Guard Captain [4-5]****, George Cormack K'anco [5-6]****.

* Billed in Radio Times as Professor Herbert Clegg ** Credited on Part Two but does not appear *** In Radio Times, Churchman was billed as Lupton's spider for Episodes Four to Six, Delgado was Queen Spider for Episodes Four to Six, and Morris was "other spider voices" for Episode Four and The Great One for Episodes Five and Six **** In Radio Times, Randall is billed as First Guard Captain on Episodes Four and Five while Faulkner, uncredited on Episode Four, is billed as Second Guard Captain ***** Uncredited on Episode Five

EXTRAS Roger Salter, Geoffrey Brighty, Julian Hudson, Patsy White, Jack Baker, Pat Travis, Freddie White, Sarah Jane Steer, Leslie Glenroy, David Nicholl, Tony Kilbane, Elaine Banham Audience/Meditators; Terry Walsh Stunt Double for Mike Yates and Doctor Who; Barry Smith Puppeteer; A M W Curzon-Herrick Flying Double for Doctor Who; Michael Pinder Hovercraft Double for Doctor Who; Barbara Bermel, Sue Ann Manners, Margaret McKechnie, Lorna Kilner, Ann Plenty, Mary Rennie, Pat Gorman, Ian Elliott, Simon Christy, Ken Tracey, Keith Ashley, Bill Matthews Villagers; Leslie Bates, Steve Ismay, Dennis Plenty, Roy Pearce, Derek Hunt, Harry Fielder Guards; Alan Chuntz, Stuart Fell, Billy Horrigan Stuntmen/Guards; John Cash, Geoff Witherick Guards; Tom Baker New Dr Who.



ORIGINAL TRANSMISSION

Episode	Transmitted	Time	Duration	Rating (chart pos)	App index
Part One	4 May 1974	5.45pm-6.10pm	24'40"	10.1M (17th)	58
Part Two	11 May 1974	5.40pm-6.05pm	25'02"	8.9M (26th)	60
Part Three	18 May 1974	5.40pm-6.05pm	24'58"	8.8M (22nd)	57
Part Four	25 May 1974	5.30pm-5.55pm	23'53"	8.2M (24th)	-
Part Five	1 June 1974	5.35pm-6.00pm	24'01"	9.2M (19th)	-
Part Six	8 June 1974	5.35pm-6.00pm	24'43"	8.9M (25th)	56

BBC Cymru: 5 May 1974 5.10pm, 12 May 1974 5.10pm, 19 May 1974 4.30pm, 26 May 1974 3.35pm, 2 June 1974 4.45pm, 9 June 1974 4.45pm.

REPEAT TRANSMISSION

Planet of the Spiders 27 December 1974 2.45pm-4.30pm 105'14" 8.6M (49th) -

CREDITS Written by Robert Sloman. Fight Arranger Terry Walsh [4]. Title Music by Ron Grainer & BBC Radiophonic Workshop. Title Sequence Bernard Lodge. Incidental Music by Dudley Simpson. Special Sound Dick Mills. Film Cameraman Fred Hamilton [1-2]. Film Sound John Gatland [1-2]. Film Editor Bob Rymer [1-2]. Visual Effects Designer Bernard Wilkie*. Costume Designer L Rowland-Warne**. Make-Up Deanne Turner**. Studio Lighting Ralph Walton**. Studio Sound John Holmes**. Script Editor Terrance Dicks. Designer Rochelle Selwyn. Directed by Barry Letts***. BBC © 1974
* Credited on Parts One, Three and Six only ** Credited on Parts One and Six only
*** Letts also produced the serial

Gallifrey Guardian

If you go down to the woods...

The Krynoids are set to return in a new audio drama from independent producers BBV. *Krynoids: The Green Man*, penned by Zoltan Dery, is a Robin Hood-style medieval tale – although, we're warned, it isn't just outlaws who'll be hiding out in the forest ... Other 2002 audio releases from BBV will include *Drome* by Dave Stone, *Guy* by David A McIntee (based on Guy de Carnac, created for McIntee's *Virgin New Adventure, Sanctuary*), and more from Lawrence Miles' *Faction Paradox Protocols*.

Telos tell us...

The third title in Telos Publishing's range of *Doctor Who* novellas, for release in May 2002, will be *Nightdreamers* by best-selling Australian fantasy author Tom Arden. This will be followed up with *Ghost Ship* by popular novelist Keith Topping in August. Both books will be available as a standard hardback at £10 and a Deluxe edition at £25.

Telos have also announced that a distribution deal has been agreed for their *Doctor Who* novellas in Canada and the USA. General Publishing will handle the sales and marketing in Canada, while London Bridge will be dealing with the USA. Due to lead times in promotion and distribution, Telos have decided that their first two releases, *Time and Relative* and *Citadel of Dreams*, will both be officially released in the USA and Canada in March 2002.

Exit, pursued by a weed...

Lost 1960s creep-fest *Fury from the Deep* is to be recreated on stage this March by the team behind last year's *Web of Fear* production. Adapted and directed by Rob Thrush, with the backing of original writer Victor Pemberton, *Fury* will be faithfully recreated through a mix of live

performance and projected sequences shot on location. Big Finish performer Nick Scovell once again stars as the Doctor, and the cast appearing on video should

(work permitting) include Michael Sheard. The cast will be spending two days recording location material on windswept beaches and, thanks to CGI trickery, aboard helicopters!

Sponsored by The Who Shop, the show aims to raise funds for the restoration of Portsmouth's New Theatre Royal, the host venue. The show runs from 27-30 March at 7.45pm, with an additional 3pm matinee on the Saturday. Ticket prices start at £5.50 and are available now by calling 023 9264 9000. You can follow the show's progress at www.furyfromthedeep.btinternet.co.uk

MERCHANDISE UPDATE SHOCK AS TOY MANUFACTURER LOSES DOCTOR WHO LICENCE

Dapol up in arms!

After almost 15 years, toy makers Dapol have lost their licence to make *Doctor Who* merchandise. They had been hoping to extend their range of character figures over the next four years, but they are now forbidden from making any new products.

"We were completely stunned by the decision," a Dapol spokesperson said. "We had thought that, after providing hundreds of thousands of pounds in royalty payments to the BBC and seemingly single-handedly preserving *Doctor Who* brand-awareness, our long-term future was assured. We were mistaken.

"We have had to cancel figures of the First Doctor, Jamie, Polly, the Yeti, UNIT troops, the Cyber Leader and a TARDIS console. It is now unlikely that any low-priced product will ever become available again.

"We still have stock available, but please appreciate that, once it has been sold, it can never be made again."

The company, one of the few remaining toy manufacturers in Great Britain, launched their *Doctor*



Who range in 1987 with a series of 4" plastic action figures, akin to Kenner's hugely successful *Star Wars* toys.

The range has been expanded over the years to include such notables as the Millennium Dalek (left), though its infamous five-sided TARDIS console, scarf-less Fourth Doctor and two-armed Davros may provide Dapol with its most enduring legacy.

On a happier note, the future of the company's

long-running *Doctor Who*

Exhibition in Llangollen, North Wales, is secure until at least 2004.

NEWS ROUND-UP MORE ONLINE WHO? • DALEKS MENACE COLIN! • CONVENTION NEWS!

BBCi back for more?

It now seems increasingly likely that following the web-cast of *Death Comes to Time*, BBCi will be commissioning further *Doctor Who* audio adventures, the first of which may be completed as early as the summer.

Although *DWM* had yet to receive final confirmation at the time of going to press, it is thought that an official announcement will be made during February, depending – at least in part – on how successful *Death Comes to Time* is seen to be.

At least one further adventure is known to have been commissioned – not in itself a continuation of *Death Comes to Time* – and future productions are likely to feature several TV Doctors returning to the role.

The plan seems to be for a series of 'traditional' adventures, broadcast in 10-minute episodes, and made to appeal to as broad an audience as possible. Returning monsters, a heavy emphasis on characterisation, and a fair amount of humour seems to be the order of the day. We hope to have more news on this exciting development next issue.

January of the Daleks!

Robert Shearman's hotly anticipated Big Finish audio drama, *Jubilee*, has been confirmed as the first release of *Doctor Who*'s 40th anniversary year.

January 2003 will see the Sixth Doctor and Evelyn suffer an unusual dose of Dalekmania, although exact details of the story are being kept closely under wraps. Meanwhile, *Nekromanteia*, originally slated for release in November 2002, has been pushed back to February 2003. The November slot will now be filled by a new Fifth Doctor, Peri and Erimem 'romp' entitled *The Swashbucklers*, penned by Project: Twilight authors Mark Wright and Cavan Scott.

The first installment of the *Excelsis* 'trilogy', *Excelsis Dawns*, has unexpectedly grown from a single to a double CD release, priced at £13.99. "Enough material was recorded to justify a double release," says director Gary Russell, "so we chose that option rather than making drastic cuts to the story." Pre-orders at the advertised price of £9.99 will be honoured and the play will continue to be available

at that price if ordered through www.doctorwho.co.uk

Big Finish have also confirmed that the first two plays in their as-yet-untitled spin-off Sarah Jane Smith series will be scripted by *Doctor Who* stalwarts Terrance Dicks and Barry Letts respectively.

See Yee Jee!

Yee Jee Tso (Chang Lee from the 1996 TV Movie) will be jetting over from Canada for a special UK tour next month, to meet and greet his UK fans. The dates are as follows: 9-10 March – NEC Memorabilia Show, Birmingham; 16 March – 10th Planet, Barking, Essex; 17 March – Showmasters Collectors' Fair, Grundy Park Leisure Centre, Cheshunt; 23 March – Galaxy 4, Sheffield; 30-31 March – Battlefield VI, Coventry. A full interview with Yee Jee will appear in *DWM* later this year.

Panopticon returns!

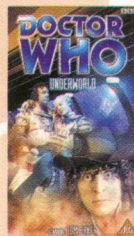
Panopticon, the UK's biggest *Doctor Who* convention, is making a surprise return in 2002, taking place at the Palace Hotel, Manchester, from 6-8 September. No guests have yet been confirmed, but further information can be obtained by contacting Dominitemporal Services Ltd at: PO Box 7831, London SW15 6YD. The organisers have asked readers not to contact the hotel direct at this early stage.

Win Minyan!

The Fourth Doctor, Leela and K9 find themselves paging the Oracle and battling terrifying CSO as Season Fifteen's *Underworld* makes its way to video this month. We have ten copies of the story (available to buy from 4 March) to give away to lucky readers thanks to the jolly lovely folk at BBC Worldwide. To be in with a chance of winning, all you have to do is answer this easy-peasy question ...

Which Bob co-wrote Underworld with Dave Martin?

Was it: [a] Bob Mortimer; [b] Bob Baker; or [c] Bob the Builder? Answers on a postcard or stuck-down envelope marked DON'T EVER PLAY WITH STRANGE WEAPONS to the editorial address at the foot of page 3 by 5 March, please.



Doctor Who and the Bidding War?



Proposal: TV's Mark Gatiss © BBC

Doctor Who is all set to return to our screens ... at least according to recent rumours published on the internet and in certain genre magazines. Various reports have linked the likes of Dan Freedman, Russel T Davies, Mark Gatiss and Gareth Roberts to perceived 'bids' to pro-

duce a new TV series – but suggestions that the Time Lord will be back in time for the show's 40th anniversary may have been somewhat exaggerated. Dan Freedman and Nev Fountain outline their proposal elsewhere in this issue [see pages 26-30], but we also recently heard from League of Gentlemen star and Doctor Who author Mark Gatiss: "Just to clarify what seems to be an increasingly muddy situation," he told **DWM**, "Gareth Roberts and myself have indeed collaborated on a proposal for the return of Doctor Who to TV. We simply want to have something 'on the table' should there be a move towards bringing back the show. As far as we know, there are a couple of similar proposals doing the rounds, but none of these are 'bids' in the accepted sense and there is certainly no 'bidding war' in progress, as has been suggested elsewhere. It's important that people don't get their hopes up, as the likelihood is that nothing at all will happen – but then, who knows?" **DWM** will keep you posted on any further developments.

Outside the Spaceship

compiled by Dominic May

Verity meets the Queen
Verity Lambert, the first producer of Doctor Who, has received an Officer of the British Empire (OBE) distinction from Her Majesty the Queen for services to Film and TV production.

Turlough's new appointment
Following a number of years producing wildlife shows for United Television, Mark Strickson has been selected as Head of Programming of the natural history unit at Oxford Scientific Films. From late November, he became responsible for a range of science and adventure strands and says, "The challenge is to find imaginative new ways of bringing science to as many viewers as possible without 'dumbing down' the product."

Adams' award
Following his death last year, the Douglas Adams Award for innovative comedy writing on BBC Radio was created, the prize being a £5,000 script commission. The first recipients are Julian Barratt and Noel Fielding, better known collectively as The Boosh.

Dance with Jean
Jean Marsh has been working with her long-time collaborator Eileen Atkins adapting a new version of the children's classic novel, Ballet Shoes. Their partnership, which began after the breakdown of their respective marriages to Jon Pertwee and Julian Glover, has endured nearly 40 years.

New Season Drama
The winter UK television season finds Paul McGann as Detective David Ingram in Granada's thriller Blood Strangers and also as Bush in a long held-over ITV Hornblower episode. Peter Davison is back as David Braithwaite for a third series of At Home With the Braithwaites. Matthew Robinson is executive producer of BBC1's new drama series Outside the Rules, three two-part stories starring Daniella Nardini as a forensic psychiatrist. Paul Cornell has scripted the finalé to the latest season of Casualty and has been commissioned to write four more episodes for the following run.



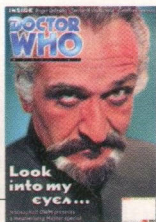
Obituaries
Peggy Mount, the character actress who played the Stallslady in The Greatest Show in the Galaxy, died on 13 November aged 85. Jenny Laird, who played Neska in Planet of the Spiders, died on 31 October aged 84. Heather Stewart, who was the make-up supervisor for Day of the Daleks and The Talons of Weng-Chiang, died on 11 November aged 79. Finally George Harrison, whose appearance with the Doctor's favourite Beatles was squashed during The Chase: The Executioners, died on 29 November aged 58.

Dominic May would like to thank Richard Mills, NGW Ltd, Sadhana Patel, David Saunders and Graeme Wood plus various Doctor Who cast, crew and their agents for assistance in compiling Outside the Spaceship throughout 2001.

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The DWM Review

Fun

HE'S BEHIND YOU! THE SIXTH DOCTOR WRANGLES WITH PANTO ... AND BANTO!



ILLUSTRATION BY ROGER LANGRIDGE

WARNING! Spoilers ahead

It's Doctor Who Magazine's policy to review new Doctor Who adventures as fully as possible, from beginning to end – so if you've not yet read or listened to the books and audios under discussion in this issue, and you don't want their plots to be given away, stop reading now!

DOCTOR WHO: THE ONE DOCTOR

AUDIO DRAMA BIG FINISH
AUTHORS GARETH ROBERTS AND CLAYTON HICKMAN
RRP £13.99
ISBN 1 903654 56 4



Approximately half-way through the final installment of *The One Doctor*, Matt Lucas' Jelloid (a single-celled version of *The Fast Show*'s Unlucky Alf) embarks on a song, I'm A Very Lonely Jelloid. At this point crumbled any resistance I might have put up to this atypical end-of-year (sorry, but here comes that word) romp.

You'll find pantomime elements in droves here – the revelation that the belligerent-seeming monster is simply misunderstood, the touching redeemability

As an out-and-out comedy, *The One Doctor* is thus spared the burden of having to create believable worlds, instill feelings of terror or wonder, or sustain more than the most basic of stories. No, instead, it focuses on characters, and specifically, the entertaining way that they interact. Take the Doctor and Mel's impostors, Banto Zame and Sally-Anne. Immediately reminiscent of *Carnival of Monsters*' Vorg and Shirna, they drop their act when away from the authority they're trying to hoodwink, but pick them up again when behaving remotely nobly. Just like Frankie Howerd or Kenneth Williams' performances, their upward and downward social mobility at whim serves to deliberately undermine the sincerity of their characters while strengthening their audience rapport.

Another pair of characters who shift between different levels of believability is the Doctor and Mel. Hailing from a period when baffling, greasepaint-tinged

"I mean I've got a plan" "Why didn't you just say so?" "Oh. Yes. Sorry."

This is clearly the work of writers who understand and know how to deploy the humour of *The Simpsons*. The evil Doctor cackling in his mastery of all, heralds what would, on TV, be a swift pull-back to reveal him playing Monopoly with Mel. Later, they complain at the lack of facilities in their cell, only to be reminded by a guard of what we can't see – that it contains a food dispenser and a comfy sofa. The Doctor suggests they use the food machine to escape and so, in the next scene, he is battering it against the cell door, as Mel, Marge to his Homer, admits she had hoped he would use it in a more sophisticated way. Comedy like this is far better suited to audio than screen, depending as it does on the listener not knowing that they're missing something essential to the pay-off, like the fact that Sally-Anne's hands have been resting on the Doctor's chest for an entire scene!

The duplicitous would-be companion herself is given away by her drinking habits (Beer from cans? No wonder the Doctor calls it "the vulgar end of time") and malapropisms; all "bona-fido" and "sensory emulsion". Is this morally bankrupt future, in which no one trusts anyone else, a metaphor for the cynical commercial environment Doctor Who now occupies? Ah, who cares!

The production only gently parodies Doctor Who itself. Alien time units for example are lovingly ridiculed, and here the decidedly 'Old Sixth Doctor' policy of responding to any unwelcome adjective by repeating it two or three times in lieu of saying anything remotely witty or useful, returns for a final fling (Fling? Fling?!).

So is this pantomime suitable for all the family? Well, the bottom jokes are all back-bottom rather than front-bottom, so I suppose it is. One can't actually observe how Banto and Sally celebrate their initial success, however, and I for one am naïve as to why he should suppose that twentieth-century policemen all hung around outside lavatories ...

Music cues and sound effects can make or break comedy, and Doctor Who on television has been a prime offender; vaudeville music signposting the smallest gags to death. Happily, Alastair Lock is right on the money here, from the *It's a Wonderful Life* backdrop to Mel's rousing speech, to his perfect assimilation of *The Weakest Link*'s stings. The hilarious take-off sound of Banto's STARDIS (Space Toilet, Although Rather Disappointing In Size?) is matched only by the endoscopic soundscape within the Jelloid.

The last time a Doctor Who story ended with kisses and fireworks, I was a little perturbed, believing that all the Doctor's adventures thereafter would be like that. Much of the appeal of *The One Doctor* comes from knowing that it is an exceptional (although, I hope, now annual) deviation from the norm.

This is so much fun that I bizarrely find myself looking forward to next Christmas already. Only 11 months of boring old 'proper' Doctor Who to go ... DAVE OWEN

The story is entirely focused on characters, and the entertaining ways that they interact

of any villain, and an incongruously shoehorned-in contemporary allusion. Here, it's to *The Weakest Link*, with Jane Goddard, pursed lips thankfully inaudible, making mincemeat of Nicholas Pegg, Big Finish's stunt Posh Bloke.

gobbledygook routinely masqueraded as dialogue, there is great comic effect in their Pip and Jane-isms here being immediately followed by a hyper-real deflatory response: "Mel, how's your wilting willow impersonation?" "What?"

Uneventful

BAD KARMA FOR THE CHAMELEONS – A FLIGHT OF FANCY THAT ENCOUNTERS TURBULENCE ...

DOCTOR WHO: THE FACELESS ONES

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As Big Finish will tell you, Doctor Who on television and Doctor Who on audio are two very different beasts.

Audio has to concentrate on story and character; television can hook us with pictures. A good monster, a nice set or choice location, and the job's half done. In its two surviving episodes, *The Faceless Ones* is very impressive, roaming around the busy location of Gatwick Airport, where the bogus Chameleon Tours run the Earth side of their operation. Director Gerry Mill greedily soaks up the ambience, particularly towards the end of Episode One, where Spencer and Captain Blade usher a sick Chameleon through the airport building. The scenes add nothing to the plot, but their contemporary look and obvious scale make the setting unmistakable as the real thing. *Bona-fide* locations, and portraying an alien that needs help to walk and breathe, appear to set *The Faceless Ones* apart from the programme's usual output, placing it firmly in the 'realist' bracket, alongside the BBC's Quatermass serials of the 1950s.

It's easy to end up admiring these scenes. They are unusually sinister, and when the exhausted alien reaches the medical centre, the programme shows uncharacteristic restraint, rolling the credits over a shot of the creature sitting with its back to us. The missing episodes

probably hide equally good material. Mill even makes the talkie bits interesting: the Doctor's run-ins with the Commandant – played with Brigadier-ish irritation by Colin Gordon – positions everyone towards the camera so we can read each reaction. Patrick Troughton excels in these scenes, deducting the situation Sherlock Holmes-style, but he's even better just standing still, eyebrows forked in concentration, drawing information from the hubbub around him.

However, despite its directorial flourishes, *The Faceless Ones* isn't a convincing story. The Chameleons have pinched plane-loads of people, yet their disappearance hasn't raised much alarm. Neither is it ultimately very dramatic. Of its two authors, David Ellis and Malcolm

On CD, everything that made *The Faceless Ones* memorable is lost

Hulke, it is co-pilot Hulke who seems to gain the upper hand in the end, slotting in a 'let's all live together in peace' style conclusion that fails to have any impact at all. Unfortunately, it's this side of the story that comes across most strongly on CD. Working solely off its plot, *The Faceless Ones* seems long and uneventful, and on audio its exciting Gatwick sequences might as well be a small studio set with a stock Tannoy voice. The Doctor/Commandant confrontations, – though still the liveliest dialogue – lose much of their subtlety, and hopping from aircraft hangar to Commandant HQ, the action starts to feel very samey; by the time we rendezvous with the Chameleon space station, the change in location is

long overdue. But even this nose-dives on CD. Glimpsed in John Cura's telesnaps, with its metal archways and shiny corridors, the space station is low on weird ambience and the sound of alien technology. We know we're in space only because we're told so. Compared to the sliding panels and hidden compartments of the Chameleons' Earth base, the satellite sounds dull and empty. Stock music is used minimally, and what little there is feels strange, the fevered tom-toms in Episode Six's car-park fight sounding as if they're about to herald the arrival of Tarzan!

On the whole, *The Faceless Ones* doesn't play up its bodysnatching as much as it could. The Chameleons seem frustratingly unsure about the facts of their operation and, despite all their efforts, are too easily told to re-think it. The chummy ending preordains that nothing too terrible can happen in the adventure, and events feel like they dwindle to a stop. Audio hides *The Faceless Ones'* strengths and magnifies its weaknesses.

Also, at times, Frazer Hines' narration gives away too much. The cliffhangers of Episodes One and Three are less effective than their film counterparts. In the third episode, the plane only "appears" to be empty, tipping us off to the fact that it isn't. And from Episode One, the very full description of the Chameleon gives the impression that our first look is from the front. On CD, *The Faceless Ones* stands out only for a firecracking performance from Troughton, and its clues as to how different the TARDIS team might have been had the charming Sam Briggs climbed aboard. But what the story did best, and what made it memorable in its time, a soundtrack can't hope to capture.

VANESSA BISHOP

Also released
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FACTION PARADOX: THE ELEVEN DAY EMPIRE

BBV, £8.50

As 'EDA' readers know, the titular Eleven Day Empire is home to Faction Paradox, the voodoo time-travelling trouble-makers who, amongst their other temporal hiccups, bumped off the Third Doctor before the Great Spider got a look-in and, in general, are not the sort of people you'd invite to dinner – for fear they might sacrifice another guest! Built on the week- and-a-half scrubbed from the English calendar in 1752, and existing in a time zone all of its own, the much referred to Empire is the setting for two new Faction Paradox audio dramas. Clear so far? Good, because things are going to get strange, and only if you got over 80 per cent in your earlier Faction Paradox papers are you likely to grasp it all on the first listen.

Tense and edgy, *The Eleven Day Empire* is a spooky story about Cousin Justine coming to understand and learning how to use her Faction lineage. As in *Star Wars*, with Luke and The Force, Justine has a mentor, Godfather Morlock, superbly played by Ellis Pike, whose deep and purring voice sends you quaking to your bed.

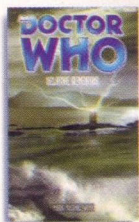
It's fitting that this play should be about Faction Paradox, as although its dark moods swirl about to give the impression of something happening, not a lot actually does. BBV favourites, the Sontarans, turn up to spit threats about crushing the Empire, but we're kept back from any skirmishes. On the whole, this is a quiet affair, building its drama from conversations, not action. Intriguing and confusing, *The Eleven Day Empire* thankfully holds your attention as much by what's being said as by baffling riddles and backstory.

Solid

A NEW AUTHOR WINS WITH OLD-TIMERS AND A DOUBLE ACE

DOCTOR WHO: RELATIVE DEMENTIAS

NOVEL BBC BOOKS
AUTHOR MARK MICHAŁOWSKI
RRP £5.99
ISBN 0 563 53844 9



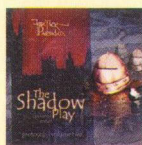
Every now and then, a novel comes along to shore up your love for Doctor Who. This happens in two distinct ways; either with a new spin that re-invigorates our view of the Doctor – the controversial ground the Eighth Doctor books operate on – or, more simply, with a solid story well told. *Relative Dementias* is the latter. Mark Michałowski's short story, *In Vino Veritas*, in fan anthology *Missing Pieces*, contained some fun characterisation.

Relative Dementias adds to that a disciplined pace and excellent structure. Michałowski writes with no indulgences, and displays no first-novel headaches. A science-fiction mystery with a ghost-story atmosphere, the book also squeezes in a run of staple Doctor Who ideas: aliens, a hidden spaceship, time quirks, and a creepy old house all looming large in this tale of one man's attempt to cheat death.

Set in 1982, in the Scottish village of Muirbridge, events centre around disturbing incidents in an old peoples' home. Superficially, this recalls Mark Gatiss' *Nightshade* novel, an author Michałowski shares a similar warmth and style with. Both books deal with memory and rediscovering the past – but *Relative Dementias*, choosing as its location an Alzheimer's clinic, sticks its neck out as the more controversial. Michałowski handles the delicate sub-

ject matter with poignancy and good humour. He eases us into the idea gently. A breezy, Joyce Grenfell-style monologue welcomes both reader and new resident to Graystairs Clinic: "Come on in...mind the edge of the carpet. We had it up this morning. Sadie got caught short... You can hardly tell, can you? That's the thing about patterned carpets." Of course, there's nothing welcoming about Graystairs. Beyond the lavender-scented bedrooms, a visit's about as cosy as a stay at Castle Dracula. With gothic wailing on the upper floors, dodgy care assistants and something properly shifty about the cellar, the clinic's pioneering treatment has more to do with BEMs than the BMA.

Relative Dementias enjoys the strange twists and turns that time-travel stories offer, and is full of good surprises. Underneath, it's a simple 'don't judge a book by its cover' tale – Graystairs' harmless and elderly residents aren't all they appear to be. On the surface, they fit the cliché of a half-remembered generation, desperate to recall their wartime glory days. However, the truth behind resident Harry's memory of tanks and



FACTION PARADOX: THE SHADOW PLAY

BBV, £8.50

The second of Lawrence Miles' Faction Paradox audios brings the Sontarans to the fore, a gruff contrast to the period flavour of the Faction's stolen 18th-century London world. What General Kine and his clones are doing here is easier to fathom than the Faction melodrama of the first disc; the Sontarans are after technology. Blackly comic, the two races' confrontations are conducted in courteous insults, which casually include a decapitation and Kine's arm being sliced off!

Elsewhere, Miles is still heavily acquainting us with Cousin Justine. As the sleeve-notes suggest, she's the one to watch. Up until now, she's been most notable for her Mancunian accent, and as one of only two cast members not giving her performance the full 'Donald Sinden'. However, if the Faction CDs continue, things look more promising. Hints at Justine's colourful past wait in the wings. Moreover, when she escapes her home world in a stolen time-ship with a female companion (sound familiar?), she's harbouring the shadow, and crimes of Faction creator Grandfather Paradox (an unstable fellow who once hacked off his own arm in an effort to remove a Time Lord tattoo). The script's insistence that the shadow is more important than the flesh ensures Justine's adventures are just beginning.

Having admitted, a couple of issues back, a preference for Evelyn Smythe in print rather than on audio, the reverse is true of Faction Paradox. These classy dramas, though they demand concentration, present a much clearer and evocative picture of the cult than the scattered mentions in half a dozen novels. Though both episodes are keen to feed us the Faction rule book in intricate detail, and the second disc's storyline concerning Miss Lolita planning to engulf the entire Empire gets a bit lost, accomplished performances and excellent production keep you dug in 'til the end.

screaming children is one of the many great, unexpected moments.

A Seventh Doctor story, the inclusion of a time anomaly in *Relative Dementias* gives us two Aces. Miss McShane has

both mature and street-wise – and she doesn't need to jettison half her character to do so. Michalowski shows she just needs to react in a way that's more true to the situation around her.

Michalowski resurrects the strong-willed Ace of the TV show

been going down like a pint of cold sick in these pages for some time now, most recently in Big Finish's *Colditz*, so it's well, then, that Michalowski's version is more the strong-willed and intuitive Ace of her better TV stories than the "Scumbag"/"Toe-rag" Dragonfire juvenile she's often cartooned as. Ace can be

Of late, the 'Past Doctor Adventures' have taken the Doctor on a bit of a guilt trip. *The Shadow in the Glass*, *Bullet Time* and *Instruments of Darkness* have seen companions attacked, killed and mentally scarred, and shown the Doctor ponder the darker consequences of his interference. *Relative Dementias* is payback

time. "Being a Time Lord isn't all jam and scones," the Doctor tells Ace. No, in the last quarter it's more like chewing glass. When an AWOL UNIT soldier with a grudge against the Doctor turns up to announce "I've got something for you," the punch that follows smacks home like the natural conclusion to a 39-year story. Though Ace defends the Doctor, the reader knows that – along with that of every other companion – a little of her weight is carried in the throw.

Michalowski is always in control of his plot, turning out a well-crafted and entertaining story, and the best début novel since Steve Emmerson's *Casualties of War*. May a time anomaly pop him back into the schedules very soon.

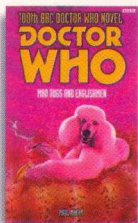
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Barking

DOWN BOY! A RIP-ROARING SHAGGY DOG STORY WITH CUTTING WIT!

DOCTOR WHO: MAD DOGS AND ENGLISHMEN

NOVEL BBC BOOKS
AUTHOR PAUL MAGRS
RRP £5.99
ISBN 0 563 53845 7



Does a book concerning an interplanetary science fiction convention, a private club of stuffy academics infiltrated by a charismatic practitioner of the dark arts, and a race of talking, travel-

ling poodles with opposable thumbs sound like a right dog's dinner to you? Well think again. The tone of Paul Magrs' latest excursion into the realms of the bizarre is perfectly set by its shocking-pink cover, featuring a rakish-looking poodle drooped decadently, fag in hand, on a poufe. As that image suggests, this is an outrageously over-the-top adventure, a camp quest that even Tom and Lalla might have sniffed at. But, in the anything-goes atmosphere of the current Eighth Doctor range, it fits perfectly.

The intrusion of magic and fantasy into the normal world is Magrs' trademark, and he pulls the trick off again here. What's more, he does it in such a way that we quickly find ourselves accepting the unexplained appearance of fictional characters from Victorian literature as easily as we do the Shirley Bassey incarnation of Iris Wildthyme, now entertaining her legions of fans in a Las Vegas nightclub. The multi-coloured poodles are, strangely, more real than last year's intelligent tigers, probably because they're treated no differently from anyone else in the book. Their eccentricities, such as ceremonially sniffing each other's bottoms, seem no more odd than the supposed intellectual elite salivating over fairy stories with religious overtones.

The author turns his satirical eye on the writings of J R R Tolkien, C S Lewis and the like, and the Hollywood 'block-

busters' they have spawned. Professor Tyler, an intellectually snobbish don obsessed by his stories of elves and gnomes and convinced of the great literary merit of the Icelandic Sagas, is Tolkien by any other name, just as his endlessly written and rewritten opus *The True History of Planets* is *The Lord of the Rings*. There is a joyful bitchiness in his treatment of the misogynistic Tyler, and the reclusive film director John Fuchas, forever plotting the next turgid Episode of his sci-fi saga. The way they are completely unable to cope when their fantasies become real stands in contrast to

history, and a glorified librarian poodle named Char, who becomes a great hero in the service of his emperor.

Mad Dogs jumps location from the dogworld to wartime Britain, 1960s Las Vegas and Hollywood in 1978. The ultimate effect is what might happen if Mel Brooks decided to spoof *Casino Royale* – blissful madness. Aptly, given the title, Noël Coward, that poor man's Oscar Wilde, plays a significant part in the proceedings, snipping through the fabric of time with the Pinking Shears of Rassilon. Coward possesses the ability to travel up and down his own timeline causing all sorts of whimsical mischief, although we're sadly denied the opportunity to see him working alongside his past or future selves, or breaking into a droll song. Perhaps next time, eh Paul?

Aptly, given the title, Noël Coward plays a significant part in the proceedings!



Coward: pinking shears not shown, dear boy!

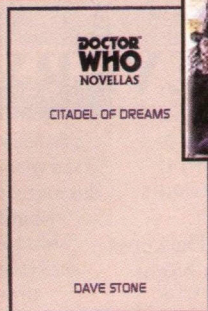
the stoicism shown by Tyler's wife, Enid, when she is faced by talking dogs and melted heads. Magrs' novels often feature ordinary people caught up in extraordinary events, and in *Mad Dogs* we meet both Flossie, an undervalued cook who rises to the challenge of battling intelligent lap dogs throughout Earth's

Despite its fripperies, the novel neatly ties into the developing tapestry of the Eighth Doctor books. There are more time-altering shennanigans, and hints of the black magic familiar from *The City of the Dead* and *The Adventuress of Henrietta Street*. *Mad Dogs*, however, is the necessary light relief from the Doctor's recent grim adventures, a welcome breath of fresh air after the dense and dark *Henrietta Street*. If the book has a fault, it's that not much really happens, although Magrs manages to convince you that it is by having everybody dashing about so fast that there's hardly time to think. Anyway, this is a book about people and how they face the worlds they inhabit, so a certain anorexia of plot can be excused.

Mad Dogs and Englishmen, as the tagline proudly proclaims, is the one hundredth novel in the 'record-breaking BBC Worldwide Doctor Who series'. Quite what records it breaks aren't specified – in any case, they probably aren't the sort that Roy Castle might have celebrated. Nevertheless, this witty, bonkers book is the perfect way to perk yourself up after the inevitable disappointments of Christmas. Grr.

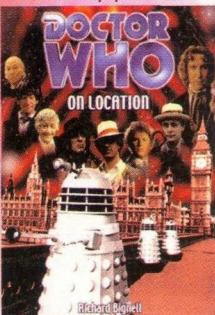
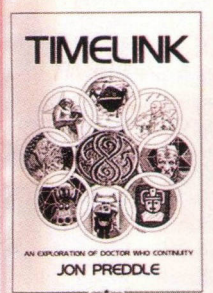
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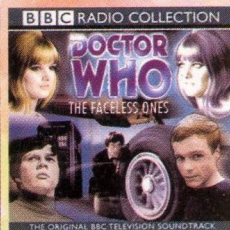


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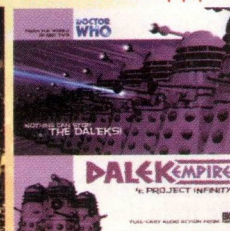
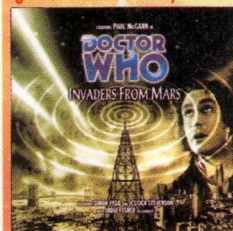
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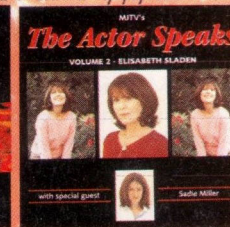
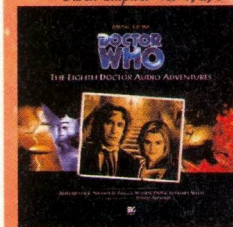
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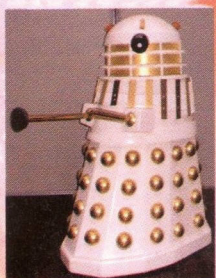
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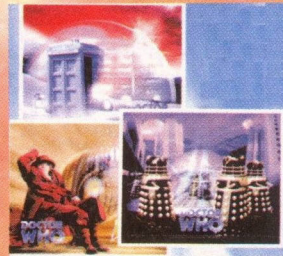
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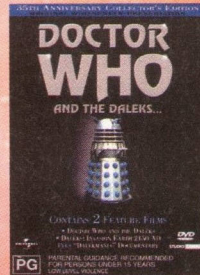
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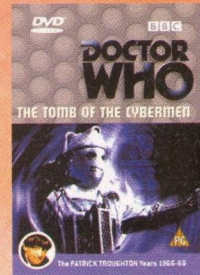
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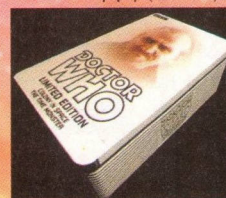
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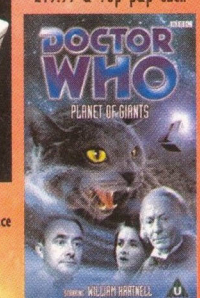
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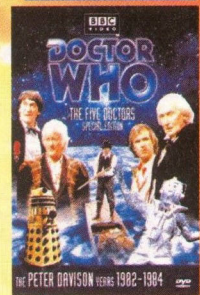
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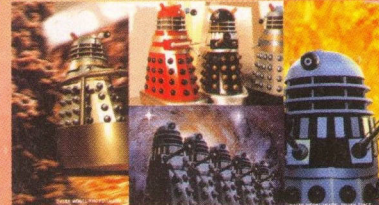


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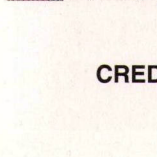
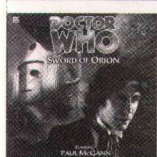
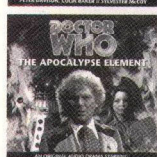
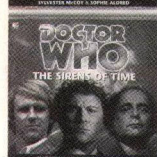
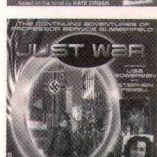
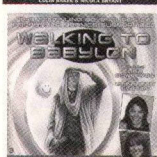
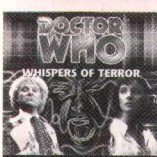
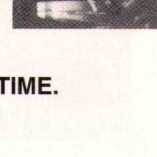
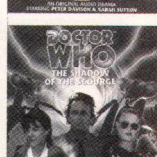
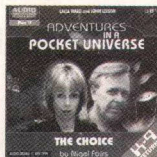
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Diss continuity

I was aghast at the incomprehensible reactions to the whole continuity issue of late. It amazes me that there are still people out there who would rather Doctor Who became a glorified trivia show than an interesting and original television series. The arguments surrounding the pro-continuity camp are feeble to say the least. So what if the Silurians look a little bit different in *Warriors of the Deep*? Get over it! I'd be bored to tears if the latest novel had no higher purpose than to explain away such inconsistencies (oops, too late – see *The Scales of Injustice*!).

Whilst it is comfortable for fans to have Doctor Who stories which agree and link up with each other, the average person is completely alienated by this. As for the laughable demand that each book should include old ideas and characters – excuse me? The incorporation of continuity stifles drama and creativity. Look at the Big Finish CDs, which constantly play safe so as not to offend any fans. Sorry, folks, but whichever way you slice it, an excess of continuity could prove to be the death of Doctor Who.

HAMISH CRAWFORD
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It seems to me that the current continuity controversy is being clouded by the latest fan trend: continuity-bashing! Whilst I agree that new Doctor Who should be as original as possible, it's obvious that many of us fell in love with the series because of its rich internal history. Yes, *The Deadly Assassin* rewrites the Time Lords, but not much! And we know *Attack of the Cybermen* craves too much indulgence from the general public, but mostly because it's a story about continuity! As long as a story is well told and brings something new to the series (I agree that *Attack* rather fails here), why should continuity get in the audience's way? After all, long-running soaps do this all the time – resurrecting characters from ten years ago!

ELTON TOWNSEND-JONES
HERTS

Shall we all just agree to differ on this one?

Dead man walking?

Call me a pessimist, but Doctor Who is dead. There – I said it! We've hidden the corpse behind audio CDs and book adventures for over ten years, but he's gone – and is unlikely ever to return. The UK Gold repeats are like finding an old picture at your grandparents' house – a nice reminder of times past but little more. Audio stories that are not available in high street shops are unlikely to attract new fans, and neither are series of books which require commitment to an entire story arc. This week I ordered a copy of *The Daleks' Master Plan* audio from a music shop, and the young girl behind the counter said: 'Sorry, how do you spell Dalek?' When a generation of teenagers don't know the dreaded name

of the scourge of the galaxy, there is no longer any hope. The Doctor might just as well pack his bags and move to the Orion Nebula. He certainly won't be revisiting our TV screens any time soon.

PAUL MONKS
COVENTRY

As I'm sure the feature on page 26 attests, there are a lot of people out there at the moment who'd like to prove you wrong, Paul. And our next correspondents might do something to cheer you up ...

First impressions (rpt)

As a primary school teacher, it is only this year that I have had a class I suspected may be interested in the travels of our favourite Time Lord. So, in a comprehension lesson, I showed a class of 10 and 11-year-olds the first episode of *Terror of the Zygons*. So popular was it that the majority of the children desperately wanted to see the remaining episodes. Not feeling I could justify showing it in class time, I offered to show them the remaining episodes during their lunchtime break. Around 15 children jumped at the chance. We have now watched *Pyramids of Mars*, *The Visitation* and *Resurrection of the Daleks*. The groups – a mix of boys and girls – are incredibly enthusiastic about the series.

It has been heartening for me to find that Doctor Who can still appeal to a generation who were born around the time it disappeared from our screens. Doctor Who should not be relegated to 'nostalgic cult' status, if it can still appeal to the children of today – which clearly it can!

ANDREW EAST
SURREY

Consider our cockles warmed, Andrew! And here's what some of the kids themselves had to say. Sniff ...

My name is Sam and I'm in class 6E of Davidson Junior School. My teacher, Mr East, showed my class and I *Terror of the Zygons* for a treat and now we can't stop watching Doctor Who. My friends Heather, Matthew, Lee and I are now fans. I think Doctor Who is great and my favourite Doctor is Tom Baker.

SAM PERKINS (AGE 11)

I am a great fan of Doctor Who and I'm really interested to learn more about it. I've seen all the Doctors (some all in one episode) and Peter Davison and Tom Baker in their own videos. The thing I like about Doctor Who is the cliffhangers. My favourite Doctor is Peter Davison.

HEATHER WILLIAMS (AGE 10)

I am 11 years old and I love Doctor Who. I first heard about it when our teacher, Mr East, showed us a video in comprehension instead of doing boring work! Now we watch Mr East's Doctor Who videos at lunchtimes and it's really cool. My favourite Doctor is Peter Davison. Doctor Who is really good!

MICHELLE REED (AGE 11)

Any old irony

I have this smashing idea for a Doctor Who novel that I really must tell you about [*Must you?* – Ed]. The TARDIS lands in an English village where strange goings-on have been going on. A bunch of people – all based on actual friends of mine – have gone missing, the local squire is behaving oddly, and dead people are walking about. The Doctor investigates and uncovers the explanation: aliens! When the Doctor tries to talk to the alien leader he learns that a chance remark he made in *The Highlanders* indirectly caused the death of Adric. (I cried.) The Doctor is morally unable to bring himself to shoot the leader, so instead he tricks him into igniting a CO2 fire extinguisher which blows him up. The Doctor escapes back to the village where he tells his companion that it is okay to be gay. (I cried.)

PAUL BEARDSLEY
VIA E-MAIL

Do you see what he's done there, readers?

Moral outrage

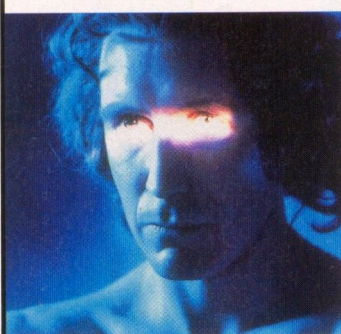
Has anybody else noticed that we're still missing the end of Gareth Roberts' journey through the morals of Doctor Who stories? What, may I ask, are we to learn from the TV Movie?

We must be told!

PETER LATIMER
PRAGUE

Okay, Gareth – it's over to you ...

Everything I ever needed to know about life I learned from the Paul McGann era

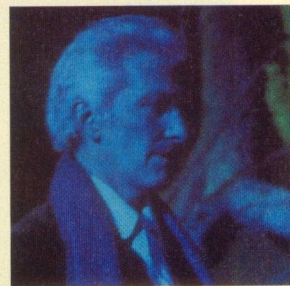


The TV Movie

In which Grace Holloway kills Dr Who by doing everything wrong and not listening to the people around her who are trying to tell her that she's making a series of dreadful mistakes. He then comes back to life before he's ready and stumbles around for a very short time, being well-intentioned but not quite right.

Moral Don't try to bring things back to life unless you know exactly what you're doing

NEXT ISSUE



The big picture?

The Doctor has rarely been out of the press of late, with endless reports that he'll be turning up on the big screen – in colour! – very soon. But while speculation is rife over who may be stepping into the TARDIS, nobody seems to have given any thought as to whether Doctor Who actually works on film. Oh, except us ...!

The direct approach

Part two of our in-depth interview with legendary Who director Christopher Barry sees him making deals with the Devil!

Antonine Killer!

Romana and Kg take their leave whilst tempers (and sets) fray on the studio floor. DWM examines the turbulent production of Season 18 classic, *Warriors' Gate*!

Plus

Fear and loathing in Azhra Korr as *Children of the Revolution* continues! It's the beginning of the end for Troughton as the Time Team reach *The War Games*! The ever-popular Paul Cornell returns with *Seasons of Fear*! And masses of other Doctor Who news, reviews, previews and your views!

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Another month, another blockbuster – but it is with considerable regret and no little dread that I must inform you that the Potteresque enthusiasms which fuelled last month's column failed to resurface in the case of *The Lord of the Rings*, which, to my jaded eyes at least, teetered on the brink of being an arse-defyingly interminable and mind-manglingly tedious load of self-important old guff – albeit a splendidly acted, beautifully photographed and delightfully good-looking one.

I'm aware that this appears to be something of a minority opinion and one which is unlikely to win me many friends, given the legions of Middle Earth enthusiasts who ensure that Tolkien's trilogy regularly trounces *Ulysses*, *Hamlet* and *Paradise Lost* in polls aimed at determining the most artistically superb and culturally significant piece of literature ever brought forth by homo sapiens. But there's not a lot I can do about that, quite

The Curse of Fatal Death plays on the show's narrative laziness

frankly; I just didn't like it very much, I'm afraid. If nothing else, I can take comfort from the knowledge that I'm in fairly good company. C S Lewis once allowed his feelings to escape in an unguarded moment while reading Tolkien's manuscript in an Oxford study; his overheard mutter of 'Oh God, not another f***ing elf!' was remarkably close to my own thoughts during much of the movie.

Still, what I disliked about the film had far less to do with Tolkien than with the script, and in particular its tendency to assume that the viewer already knew everything about the book and that no explanations were needed. Particularly amusing was the absurd bathos of the moment when Strider reveals that he isn't Strider, but is in fact Aragorn. On screen there were sharp intakes of breath all round as sundry bearded berserkers and pointy-eared sylvan waifs digested this earth-shattering revelation. In the auditorium, meanwhile, I imagine a great many people were wondering who the hell Aragorn was anyway – there'd been no mention of him hitherto, so the fact that for some reason he'd been going around calling himself Strider was frankly neither here nor there.

One of the many qualities of which *Doctor Who* has reason to be proud is that when it's good, it very seldom mucks up like this. In its television heyday, *Doctor Who* was written and directed by people who knew that each and every individual 25-minute segment had to make total and self-contained narrative sense, while at the same time not cheating the audience dramatically. And that's a pretty tall order. Of course there were times when it fell short of such goals (one of the cliffhangers in *The Seeds of Death* is resolved by a blatant piece of cheating), or scenes went unexplained (why exactly does Scaroth's face appear in Kerensky's time machine?), but until *Doctor Who* became overpowered by its own cult in the 1980s, such moments were admirably few and far between.

In his Comic Relief skit *The Curse of Fatal Death* – still by far the best *Doctor Who* spoof – writer Steven Moffat pokes affectionate fun at *Doctor Who*'s entanglements with just such thorny narrative problems. The relentless cliffhangers and the parade of regenerations point up exactly the sort of challenges faced by a writer who is attempting to maintain a modicum of naturalism while squeezing action-adventure and character development into a demanding clockwork 25-minute format. Meanwhile, the reiterated 'I'll explain later' gag plays on exactly the kind of narrative laziness which, for me at least, made *The Lord of the Rings* feel like such a botched job.

Funnily enough, Steven Moffat has since confessed that he had no idea until after writing *The Curse of Fatal Death* that the 'I'll explain later' cop-out had genuinely made several inglorious appearances in *Doctor Who*. Take a look, for example, at the prodigiously high strike-rate of 'I'll explain later' in *Time-Flight*, or at the 'I'll explain one day' offered by the Doctor in *Timelash* as an in-depth explanation of how he survived being blown up by the Bandril missiles. With scriptwriting of this calibre, it's a wonder we needed the eighteen-month suspension at all.

Doctor Who has even been guilty of that same meaningless Strider/Aragorn nonsense on more than one occasion. Consider, if you will, that oasis of philosophical brilliance and paragon of rational storytelling *The Twin Dilemma*. Mestor calls Edgeworth 'Edgeworth' in private conferences only until the twins (and therefore the audience) are aware that his real name is in fact Azmael, after which Mestor starts calling him 'Azmael' without so much as a prompt. Why? (And why the alias anyway? 'Your name isn't Edgeworth, it's Azmael!' splutters one of the boys indignantly. 'Yes, yes, I confess, a small deception,' bumbles Edgeworth/Azmael wretchedly in reply. Since the elocutionally-challenged brats have never heard of either Edgeworth or Azmael, what exactly is the point? But I digress.)

It was in those mid-1980s dog days that *Doctor Who* started to lose the plot – literally. Little by little, the importance of ensuring that each individual episode was sufficiently coherent for Joe Public to want to come back the following week became a diminished priority. Anyone tuning in to a middle episode of *Paradise Towers* or *The Happiness Patrol* wouldn't have had the remotest clue what was going on, but the syndrome was already in evidence before those wilfully cryptic McCoy stories.

Orcini's false leg is introduced in the first part of *Revelation of the Daleks*, but no reference is made to it in the second episode before it's blown off; I remember this because I had to explain it at the time to someone who'd missed the first part. It's a little thing, but a telling one, and I can't help wondering whether such lapses made a significant contribution to the show's decline as the 1980s wore on, and *Doctor Who* gradually transformed from a charmed and charming family favourite into something which an increasing and ultimately catastrophic number of people clearly considered unwatchable. As a fan, I could overlook such a flaw – but I still think it helped to kill *Doctor Who*. But I'm not really a Tolkien fan, so I find it harder to overlook the same shortcomings when they make a long-awaited adaptation seem unmotivated, unintelligible and unsatisfying.

And as for Enya – pah! Where was Leonard Nimoy and his *Ballad of Bilbo Baggins* when we needed him?

DWM

The Final Test

I shall decide my needs! And they unfortunately require the use of a fiendishly taxing quiz! Answers next issue.

What connects:

- 1 The Kangs, the Happiness Patrol and Professor Rubeish [pictured?]
- 2 The Celestial Toymaker, The Queen Spider, Melkur, Dugdale and Fire Escape?
- 3 Krotons, Alpha Centauri, Morbius, the Nucleus, Nimons, the 1960s Cybermen (but not their successors) and most (but not all) Daleks?
- 4 The War Chief, the Myrka and Banto Zame?
- 5 Peladon, Stevenson, Fenner, Nefred and Crichton?
- 6 Torbis and Eckersley, Irongron and Hal, the President and Sharaz Jek, Oscar Botcherby and the Doctor?



Answers from last issue

- 1 They're the only stories which begin with the Doctor travelling in the TARDIS with no companion.
- 2 The actors who played them (Don McKillop, Brian Glover, John Woodvine and Keith Hodiak) all appear in *An American Werewolf in London*.
- 3 All played by more than one actor.
- 4 They all feature an appearance by a Mutt.
- 5 All played by wives of various production personnel (respectively, they were married to Peter Bryant, Derrick Sherwin, Douglas Camfield and Don Houghton).
- 6 Ioniser (*The Ice Warriors*), Ion Bonder (*Keeper of Traken*), Ion Avalanche Diode (*Trial of a Time Lord*).



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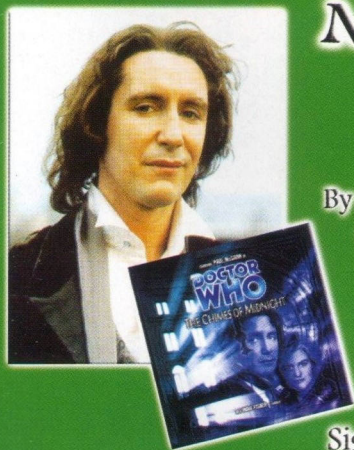
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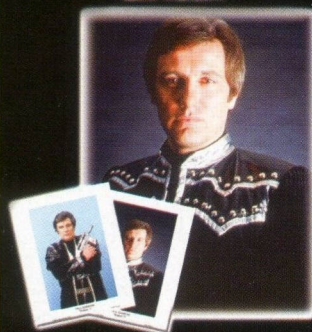
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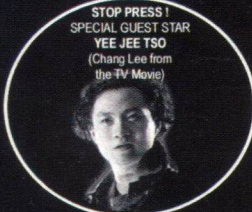
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